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GRANTLEY VIVIAN.

GRANTLEY VIVIAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOWN TALK OF CLYDA," "ONE FOOT IN THE GRAVE,"

ETC. ETC.

"Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli."

Juv. Sat. i.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



LONDON:

WYMAN & SONS, 74-5, GREAT QUEEN STREET,
LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS, W.C.

1871.

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250. B. 60.

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GRANTLEY VIVIAN.



CHAPTER I.

I AM rather elderly : so that, if I told my age, I might shirk a year or two, and not tell the exact truth ; but I won't allow that as yet I have fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, for my hair is dark brown, and my fat cheeks are rosy ; you cannot see the parish register, and that I am rather oldish, but you can look into my face and see that I am very ugly : so now, gentlemen, put on your hats, for you'll not listen to my story ; but, ladies dear, you will like me all the better for these very reasons, and will sit on, and hear me.

At all events, I am easily described, for there is nothing minute about me. I am both tall and stout, on a very large scale ; I have large eyes, not a bad colour, but with a terrible stare—it's no use trying to look down, and seem bashful—it only distends the eyelids till they look ghastly. My eyebrows are pretty good for thickness, but then they meet, bridge-fashion, over my long nose ; and this, too, besides being *retroussé*, shoots off to the right side. I have very thick lips, and my teeth are tusky ; and it is no use whatever my trying to look charming, as any animation only brings out my defects into *alto relievo* : so I am very silent, and pass for stupid.

Still, for all this, I am a good temper, and have had less to try me than if I had been a beauty. No one ever said, "How gone off poor Miss Dacre is, how ill she looks !" as they do of pretty women who are *passée*-ing, if not *passées* : no, they said, "How well that plain Miss Dacre wears, and she doesn't seem to enjoy bad health either !" And yet I have had two offers,—one, it is true,

was from a poor young man of imperfect vision, who soon after was operated on for cataract : so at him one could not wonder ; but how Arthur Hesketh, with those bright piercing eyes, could love me, I never could tell. Poor fellow, I remember, just before he went to India, his saying, “ You must forgive me, Julia, but I have set it all about, love, that you are to have fifty thousand pounds : nothing else could stop their chaffing at me for ”—he stopped ;—I said,—

“ Never mind, Arthur, I’ll say it for you,—
‘ for marrying such an ugly woman ! ’ ”

He was spared it all, for he fell—poor Arthur Hesketh—at the Passage of the Djelum, with a bullet through his heart.

Then I did come into money, after being very, very poor ; it was a fine fortune, too. Now the suitors that I had were wonderful in number, and fearful were the lies they told ; it bothered me a bit, though I determined to refuse them all, which made them very spiteful. First they set it about that Miss Dacre was very odd, I suppose for not liking them ; then, that my title to the

estates was imperfect, and couldn't bear sifting. It was no use to try to take my character away—I was so very ugly; but they did all else to spite me—called all the appointments of my house “bad taste;” now it would be “bad form;” said my dear high-stepping “creams” were sorry nags; swore my land was the poorest in the county, nothing but sheep-walks and rock (they would not have wanted to get into it if it had not been clover); declared it would take two hundred years and twenty thousand pounds before it would be in proper order. I might have asked in return, how many hundred years it would be before their grapes would sweeten?

However, when they found out that not only “no Irish,” but also, no English need apply, they gave up the persecution and I was let alone; and if a single woman, I will not say how old, for the sake of my compeers, with good health and large fortune, cannot be happy, I say she does not deserve the goods the gods provide.

Besides, you ought to know who Pene-

lope's suitors were : all of them were penniless, and some of them were raffs ; some were honest men, and did not tell me I was fair, nor yet pretend to love me ; they did but act on the foregone conclusion that every woman after forty must want a husband, though mentally and morally he may be halt, bent, and blind : so they all threw up their caps for my money, each bold adventurer—they did, and the caps came empty down.

Then, when they were all refused, they pitied each other, and declared that they had never asked me ; and all who ran for the great Dacre stakes denied that they had ever come upon the course.

There were three especially put down as winners—Neil McLeary, Scotch and canine ; Phil Murphy, no better than a Peep-o'-day Boy, allowed to go at large ; and Grant Annesley, of whom I might say as they do of Homer, Virgil, and Milton,—

“ To make a third, he joined the former two.”

He was as wily as the Scot, as blarneying as the Paddy ; but he neither fawned nor

blustered: he was English, and the best of the three; but bad was the best for a' that and a' that.

Murphy swore after this fashion:—

“McLeary niver intended to have the ould fright. McLeary of McLeary, and he blood rorl cf Scotland! niver! Why, Mac could have a purty gurr! with fourty thousand to her fortin any day; Mac niver asked her.”

But McLeary did, and kindly gave me leave to pay his Oxford debts as well.

Then Mac, of Murphy:—

“Faugh, don't tell me—think a fine fellow with such eyes as Murphy's would ever look at a huge monster like Miss Dacre?”

But for all this, Murphy's eye was upon me; and he further asked me for a hundred pounds hush-money towards the repair of some broken bones he had left with his huge fists in Tipperary.

Then the two would say together:—

“What! a man of Annesley's family and expectations go for an old song, and marry an old maid—moreover, such an ugly one as Miss Dacre? Never!”

But the elegant Annesley, with all his pretensions, had been condemned in costs for two thousand pounds for breach of promise ; that is why he told me that he loved me, and he was shown down-stairs. This was some years ago, before the great manly movement in the female world commenced ; of course, now, I should have kicked him down.

I asked myself, why should I marry ? I had no relations to worry me out of my life ; the rich and proud with their dictation as to what would be expected from me, as due to them ; nor the poor and envious, constantly comparing, detracting, yet accepting ; nor the sly and sycophantic, who yet can keep as strong a grip upon you, spite of their polish, as the other two. No, I had no need to marry, as most women do at forty, to save me from my friends, nor yet, I felt, to save me from myself ; my mind had been well filled, my accomplishments had not been neglected, and I liked my fellow-creatures passing well, when the Lords of the Creation did not mean matrimony, nor their fair sis-

ters malice. Why should I marry? If I want advice I can give my lawyer six and eightpence, or my doctor one pound one, as the case may be; and at the railway stations I can break the rules and tip the porter. What can I want with a husband? No; "Britons never, never, never shall be slaves," and I am best without one—and I always contrive to look rich: so (all honour to human nature!) I meet with a great deal of kindness. I know that money does what merit cannot. May I have the grace accorded me to fulfil His law, to visit the widow and fatherless in their affliction, to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with my God. So now, dear lady listeners, you know that my name is Julia Dacre, and that Arthur Hesketh, my first, my last, my only love, fell at the Passage of the Djelum, with a bullet through the heart.

CHAPTER II.

THERE was no romance about my money, any more than there was about myself. My lands were not like the heights of "Burleigh, fair and free," nor yet the shades of Hagley "cool and classic," nor the "Hills of Annesley, bleak and barren;"—no, I was but old Guy Decker's heir-at-law, and he owned neither stately castle, park, nor plai-saunce, but better far, one-half the town of Ravendale belonged to him—he was the owner of its ferry, its toll bridge, and its quay, and "untold gold" was what they said he had left behind him; and after a life of self-denial, pinching, and contriving, such as officers' daughters only know, that "untold gold" had come to me. But alas! when did untold gold, or the smaller sum that can

be told, ever come to any heir but through sorrow and death? When you hear of the heir, he is the chief mourner too. Old Guy's money came to me with sorrow and death; but it was not with *his* death the sorrow came, but almost simultaneously with that my only brother, his then heir, Captain Hugh Dacre, died at sea, just in sight of Southampton Docks. We had left Galle by the Peninsular and Oriental steamer, the *Ava*, which on her very next voyage went down so sadly. I knew that I was bringing my brother home to die, and I feel very blest that he lived almost till he reached the shore, so that I could take him to the garrison chapel, and lay him by my father's side.

We had not then gone through the horrors of the mutiny, but poor Hugh had seen hard service, and was twice terribly wounded, and it was the last of his wounds that caused his death. Even now when old Indian friends speak to me of Sobraon, Chillianwallah, and the fatal Djelum, a thrill of pride goes through me—for Arthur Hesketh and Hugh

Dacre were the foremost there; but the sharp shot on the battle-field was a blessed death compared with the lingering agony that laid my only brother low.

It was a sorrowful voyage; it seemed as though the finest timber was nearest to the axe, for as you looked up at Hugh Dacre pacing the *Ava* deck, ah, who could dream that death was there? To the officers of the *Ava*, young and old, I owe a life-long gratitude; their kindness to him and to me was constant, thoughtful, and delicate; but why waste my time in thanking them?—what would they care for the thanks of an ugly woman?

I returned from Portsmouth and my mournful mission, and sitting down in my little room at the Oriental at Southampton, I read in a paper two days old, something to the following effect:—

WANTED, the HEIR-AT-LAW of GUY DACRE, commonly called DECKER, of the town of Ravendale. He is supposed to be a Captain Hugh Dacre, of the Madras Light Infantry, as, failing every other claimant, he would represent the elder branch of the Dacres of Heronheight, in the county of Northumberland.

Guy Decker, I had never heard of the man; Ravendale, I had never heard of the place; but I was my brother's heir, and therefore I was the heir-at-law they wanted.

I always say, if you want your business done, go; if not, send. There was no time to be lost; I would go down to Ravendale.

I might name that among the passengers on board the *Ava* there was a very fine young man who had been in one of the Queen's regiments; he looked remarkably well, as those who come home on sick-leave often do; he called it "sick-leave;" he never talked about himself—he was evidently a man of family, because he never trotted out his relations; and I put him down for a good man, because he often called himself a sinner. Sometimes I put him down for crazy, for he seemed almost "savage" to the pretty girls, and "soft" to me—an ugly woman. He was to me intensely interesting, because intensely unsatisfactory. The men liked him exceedingly—the girls called him

an odious ape ; he was so very handsome, yet he would not flirt ; he was so tall, and yet he would not polk. What good was he ? He did but cumber the earth, or, at all events, the *Ava*. So much for the young ; now for the old : they could not find out whence he came ; they would sit and talk over him, and ponder, and wonder, till some got the head-ache, and some lost their temper. All that they could find out was, that his name was Grantley Vivian, and that he was going home.

It was touching to see how my brother clung to him ; more touching still the tenderness with which he watched poor Hugh ; while that tenderness surpassed that of woman, his strength enabled him to do more for the giant soldier than even I, stalwart though I was, could do. He went with me to Portsmouth, and stood by me at my brother's grave. My impression was that he was a good man—that under some terrible and crushing disappointment he was going to the bad. It was not that as yet he either drank, or gamed, or sought evil-doers ; but

it seemed to me that, did temptation come, he was what is called "game" for all.

"The riotous delights
With which the children of Despair
Lull the lone heart and banish care."

"Going to the bad!" Oh, how lightly, how heartlessly, those bitter words are uttered!

"Going to the bad!" We shudder when we hear a mother use them coolly and prudishly of her neighbour's son, unmindful that the curly-haired child at her knee will have the self-same tide to stem through the stormy billows of the world's temptation, and the tossing passions of youth!

And she will say to her more lenient spouse,—“I'll not have him here, John. We always have been respectable, and respectable we will keep, please God!” and so she did not try to save the sinner, that there might be joy in heaven.

“Well, my dear, you may be right, and so I'll not press it, only I cannot bear to see a fellow going to the bad.”

So that door is closed against him, and

the commonplace and narrow-minded woman calls herself the better mother, because she has no heart beyond those children standing at her knee ; her children are too young for taint, and the scouted outcast is not too old for cure.

Ah ! could she but look forward to one short dozen years mayhap, and her now spotless child may be on the road to ruin, too, surrounded by those—

“ Whose midnight cup is pledged to slaves,
No genial ties enwreath it ;
The smiling there, like light on graves,
Has rank cold hearts beneath it : ”

and that smiling too is luring him to the grave, where he is going.

Does she ever think, that soft, sheltered, dainty thing, with those curls she combs so softly, those rosy cheeks so rich in health she so often kisses, whose little voice is lisping “ Our Father ” at her knee, may one day be kneeling at the all-seducing shrine of sin ? Would not her voice,—ay, even from her grave,—cry, “ Save him, save him ! ”

“ Going to the bad ! ” Oh, how I hate to

hear thoughtless girls utter them in the same light voice as they would sing, "Coming through the Rye," or "Walking in the Zoo."

Picture him again, with the little step that treads with its upspring of gladness, his eyes so bright with health and innocence; oh, will she live to see him "going to the bad?" Shall the eye be red and saddened, the cheek grow puffed and pale? Shall the strong limbs totter? Shall the mocking laugh of misery ring out from the senseless lips?

Cog the wheel of the downward chariot in the *first* stage; save him while he is a man—while there is yet time—while yet there is no pollution in his presence, and he still is fit for you. Cog the wheel upon the *first* stage, while he is yet a man—you cannot do it at the *last*, when man is lower than the brute! Even then, look on in charity, not scorn; think of his happy childhood and the gentle dame who bore him.

"Then how pure the lips that blest her,
As her soft cheek to his she prest,
Strong the arm that then carest her,
God's own image then she prest."

Yes, he that is now every one's butt, was once, "long, long ago," somebody's bairn !

Yes, speak gaily, sing cheerily, "Coming through the Rye," and "Walking in the Zoo," but never, save in tones of deepest sorrow, talk of "Going to the Bad."

There is, no doubt, "Society" now-a-days ; but where is the old homish "Sociality" of the old simple times ? Alas ! This is the evil. There is no hearth-welcoming now,—at least, but little. We most of us spend more than we ought—we swamp true comfort and liberality in ostentation and ambition—the show-cake of fine society is cut so close, there are no crumbs dropped for those lonely ones who do but crave the bit and the sup, and the place at your fireside.

Your son goes up to London, and thus you say to your wife :—

"Well, George will know Aunt Lucy, Cousin Porteous, and the girl that married that great lawyer—I mean Mrs. Custos Rotulorum—the girl we were so kind to when she was Mary Lorn. I know they will all give him a welcome for auld lang syne—

they will let him drop in now and then, and it will remind him of home, and keep him straight and from going to the bad."

And so George comes up to London, as fine and kind a fellow as can be, one who would only be too glad of a chat, and a bit of bread and cheese at Aunt Lucy's. But how is his advent received?

"George Botheram coming to town! What need for him to come so far? Couldn't he learn all there is at the Dispensary at Ravensdale, without walking the hospitals up to London? I suppose we must ask him once; but remember, papa, I'll not have him here in and out—I'll not have the expense——"

"As you will, mama: he is your nephew, not mine; but his poor father, your brother, was very good in helping me when I first married you."

"Papa, I tell you once for all, we *must* spend when our girls come out, and until then I shall keep no company."

And till then she kept no company; but when her girls came out and were "walking in the Zoo," poor George was in the grave,

from which his own Aunt Lucy never held forth a hand to save him !

Then Cousin Porteous—who was Cousin Porteous ? Porteous was Dean of Donsnoblin. His wife was very highly connected indeed ; the reticulation of the ins and outs of her connection was as maddening as a page of “ Bradshaw ” could be ; and the Dean of Donsnoblin spake thus :—

“ Eliza, love, did I ever happen to name to you my distant cousin, Botheram, of Ravendale ? ”

“ Never, Porteous, never.”

“ They are distant cousins of my mother’s ”
(they really were *first* cousins of his own) ;
“ he is in the coal trade—”

“ Eliza, love,” looked as black as his cousin’s trade ; the Dean faltered, one could not wonder, when one looked at “ Eliza, love.”

Her eyes were hard, opaque, flaccid, oyster-like—those stiff, big ones you buy always for sauce, never for supper ; perhaps they are what Welsh folks call “ mumbles ; ” if they are not, I withdraw my slander—those ghoul-like orbs she riveted on the Dean.

“Porteous, you did not name these persons to me.”

How could she think he would, when she saw his present agony?

Porteous bullied the rest of the world, but Porteous's wife bullied the Dean; he used to fawn upon her with the falsest humility, and flatter her most fiercely.

“Eliza, love, how animated you do look to-day.” Eliza, love, was a perfect post, and neither looked nor spoke when she could help it; but she liked to be praised for what she was not—and we never see ourselves.

The Dean, the quailing Dean, gathered courage, for the white of the eye was looking less hard-boiled.

“Eliza, love, of course I should not ask or expect any member of your family to meet young Botheram; but I should like him to know you, dear. I have talked so much of you at Ravendale, I can't think how I never named the Botherams.”

“You never did, Porteous.”

“You have such a nice way, too, with young men, Eliza, love—you draw them out

so" (she was one they never came near for expansion). "Suppose we ask the Miss Hunters, my old curate's two daughters, old Mrs. Dizzy, from Bromley College, and Peter Withers, the Poor Brother from the Charter House? You see, it would knock off so many civilities at once, and save you fatigue, Eliza, love. It is a good time both for fruit and game—though for the matter of that, the Hunters are always so hungry, they like a saddle of mutton better than anything, served your way; it is so much better than anywhere else—I don't know how you manage it, I'm sure."

"It is well dredged with flour, Porteous, rubbed every day with port wine and moist sugar, hung a fortnight—the Bishop of St. Taffey's took it for venison—but it will do without port wine for the Hunters and old Mrs. Dizzy.

"Of course, Eliza, love; I should not dream of port wine for them, nor yet for Peter Withers; so I'll just drop a line to Botheram, and let us pop in—you know it is all the same expense—young Blackstone

Chitty; he is in a lawyer's office, and no one need know he is not an articulated clerk. It is a chance of being polite to so many, and knocking off Botheram."

Thus the young man from Ravendale was knocked off by the Dean of Donsnoblin and Eliza, his wife. He was to come once and no more, and he was to have the chance of meeting the widow from Bromley College, the two hungry Hunters, the Poor Gentleman from the Charter House, and the clerk that was not articulated. They all made a point of coming, thinking that they dare not slight so powerful a person as the Dean of Donsnoblin. They dined at eight—almost their time for supper; except the Hunters, they scarcely ate anything; and even what *they* spent in cab and caps spoiled their pleasure, if not their appetite. Old Mrs. Dizzy caught a fearful cold, and missed the ten-o'clock train to Bromley. Blackstone Chitty and George did not take to each other; and Peter, the Poor Brother, wished himself ten thousand times at his old Carthusian roost.

Then, in due time, poor George left his

card upon "Eliza, love;" it was but to look once at her cold, cruel face, and to know that he never dare drop in.

The Dean of Donsnoblin spent his days in bringing the young heathen to the light of the Gospel. Why did he not think of the lurid lights in the haunts of vice, that dazzle the young Christian to the Devil?

Ah! sometimes our *not* doing is set down amongst our darkest deeds; might not a kindly welcome now and then, have saved his young cousin from "Going to the Bad?"

CHAPTER III.

THEN for Mrs. Custos Rotulorum, to whom his mother was so kind, when she was Mary Lorn ; the very Mary Lorn for whom they, the children, made up a Christmas gift out of their little savings, and when it came to a gold sovereign, put it into a pill-box, which he with his own hand inscribed, " To be taken as required," and gave to the pretty girl for one kiss of hers.

But the pretty girl was one of those worst of vulgarians and blackest of ingrates who studiously bury their past, and kick down the bridge that has carried them over.

Her dear Custos and herself spent their energies in hunting up those who were above them, and kicking down those who were beneath. Rotulorum was in some way

connected with Sir Arthur Revel, to whom George's father was agent; his wife, *née* Lorn, could not bear that they should find out that they knew the Botherams. So that George, when he was turned from the door for the seventh time, would not call again; but he did not forget how his kind mother made up the match—how his father gave the *trousseau*—and he sang to himself,—

“ Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.”

He tried hard to keep straight; but the nights were long and dark and dreary—there was no sociality—he could not bear solitude—he was thoroughly a gentleman, with a kind heart, good taste, and great talent. He was one that angels must weep over as they see him without one arm stretched forth to save him from “Going to the Bad.”

Gay was the glance of his bright eye—rich were the sounds of his cheery voice as he would troll forth,—

“ Landlord, fill the flowing bowl,
Until it does run over—”

Ah, why was he there? and why not with those who would not allow it to run over? He had no choice, and the crowded singing-rooms were merrier than the lonely kettle, with only him to sing to. He had fagged at the hospital all day, amid scenes of sorrow, pain, and death; he was too jaded for anything serious: still he was a reader—pleasant tours he took in the wilds of the far West, or with the more gentle travellers to the golden East, the lands of the sun, and the bold climbers of the snow-topped Alps. Excellent and clever women spoke to him, though alas! only in print. Still, sweet converse he could hold with Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. Oliphant, and George Eliot; and he read Miss Edgeworth, too; he did not despise his grandmother; their pages were as improving to him as Miss Yonge's and Miss Sewell's to his youthful sisters. He lighted his lamp, he trimmed his fire, but the book once ended, alas! he was alone. "Sweet is solitude," they say; but then we must have a friend to whom to say, "Solitude is sweet."

Then how gay the glittering singing-rooms, how bright the sparkling play-houses! —“just for once, a turn at ‘vingt-et-un,’ then one glass to drown the sorrow for the ill-luck, *another* to drink ‘better luck next time,’ only now and then, just till summer, when he could wile away his evenings in runs by the rail,”—and so he soothed his conscience.

One night some game came up from Ravendale for his Aunt Lucy; he thought he would call with it himself: it was now eight o'clock, and she might ask him in.

Aunt Lucy was a good mother, and would go to no expense till her girls came out; she said she never would encourage him—he would be always in and out. She would not have the expense, she was “saving to buy an *épergne* and silver side-dishes by the time her girls came out,” she said.

Saving, indeed! God forgive her, she would have done her duty better, and graced her table more, had she placed him, so blythe and kindly, at her side. Saving, indeed!—Yes, but this woman would not try to save

her only brother's son from going to the bad.

“Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord.”

Short warning had they, those loving hearts at the old house at home. Like a thunder-bolt it fell at Ravendale, the sad news of this early death!

His father came; and when the sad chief mourner called upon his sister, he was told of the wild life his poor boy had been leading—of how it would not do for her to have him to and fro; and she prayed to God to have mercy on his son—a sinner!

On that sad day, “Eliza, love,” speaking of Porteous, said amongst her friends—“How kind, how very kind it was of the Dean of Donsnabin to follow that wild young man from Ravendale to the grave.” “Eliza, love” never dreamed how her chilling reception had helped to dig that early grave.

Custos Rotulorum, in his Rogue's March between Bedford Row and Gower Street, had often met poor George, and often used to say:—

“You were quite right, my dear Mary, not to encourage him here, that wild young man from Ravendale ;” but one day he read out his death, “In Gower Street, aged 23.” It added, “Deceased was the grandson of Sir Arthur Revel, who was killed at Mont St. Jean.”

And Mary Lorn, his kind mother’s petted *protégée*, only said,—

“How provoking, Custos ! If I had but known he was related to the Revels, I would have asked him here.”

Yes ; but she never held out a hand to save him from “Going to the Bad.”

Poor George ! And such the lot of thousands is. Why ? Because we have society, but no sociality ; houses, but not homes. *Our* gates are closed, while the latch is always open, the lights are always burning, on the road to ruin !

Rowland Hill said, “The Devil should not have all the pretty tunes.” Why, because we try to keep in the straight and narrow path of rectitude, must we make that path gloomy, unintellectual, and uncharming ?

Why should not the song be as sweet, and the dance be as gay, in the Christian's home as in temptation's baleful haunts? The young who are sound in mind, and strong in physical force, must have amusement.

“It was not in the winter,
Their loving lot was cast ;
It was the time of roses,
They will pluck them as they pass.”

Then why should not the paths of virtue be laid out as pleasantly as the mazes of vice?

Some, I know, we cannot save; but there are those we can, thanks be to God!

The weak—we cannot save; the wicked laugh *them* down.

The vain—we cannot save, while the vicious admire and applaud them.

But there are those who are neither weak nor vain, and are on the road to ruin too. Why? Certainly in London, from very lonesomeness!

Life is bright at first, and the young rover revels in the new delightful liberty,—

“His head is giddy, and his heart is warm ;
He makes mistakes for manhood to reform.”

Gay are his youthful frolics ; mad, his first carouses ; he may be going to the bad, but he is one that may be saved ; he is pure at heart yet—nay more, clear-sighted and strong-headed too. He knows that moderation and virtue are wisdom ; revel and vice, folly ; even if he be not guided by higher motives. Such a man in a very short time will turn to virtue and innocence, but then the virtue must not be sour, nor the innocence inane. Such a one seemed to me the unsatisfactory, yet most interesting man who was so good to me when my brother died, and who was to bring me down to Ravendale as old Guy Decker's heir-at-law, my young friend Grantley Vivian.

CHAPTER IV.

BUT before I begin to tell you more of myself, I must tell you all I could find out about this puzzling Grantley Vivian.

There was evidently a heavy cloud upon him; he appeared at one time thoroughly disgusted and wretched—at others, savage and excited; and this, not from stimulants, at least not on board the *Ava*, where no excess would have been allowed.

Young girls he loathed; and the prettiest, the most: he would look at them in the scared and doubting way that I have seen ladies who had been foolish enough to pet young lions in India, look at the deceitful kittens, as their claws got strong enough to scratch. Vivian detested them; ay, and as

poor Hugh remarked, "the very mothers that bare them." I observed that he was the last to come on board as we steamed out of Madras; seven or eight young officers of artillery came to see him off; he was taller than the very tallest of them, though he hung his head. They appeared to be cheering and heartening him on.

"Come, Grantley, come; shame, old fellow. 'Shall I, wasting in despair, die because a woman's fair?' Never; wish old Ramsay joy of her,—and send her to the devil."

Then another,—

"Why, Vivian, cheer up; it might have chanced to one of us, who had no dear old goody dowager to go to Kingdom-come, just as we have knocked our Colonel down."

They were speaking in a low tone, so that I never could have heard them but that I was myself so still. I had just packed my poor brother on the deck; I felt strangely drawn to the young soldier. He was a fine gentlemanly man—very, very handsome, without that blessed and provoking zany look handsome men so often have. "As

tall as Captain Dacre," was always the wind-up in our regiment, whenever any remarkably fine young Griffin first joined our corps. Yes, he had my brother's noble growth; large, bright, soft, dark eyes; hair deep brown, curling and crisping over his broad white forehead; but it was in the mouth, the beauty of which won you with its kindly smile, that the strange, doubtful expression lay.

I think at once well of a man who has tight, proud, stern lips, whether cast in beauty's mould or not. How hard it is to us to refrain from words a man may use, but which must not fall from our lips; I feel like the young girl who said to her brother, "Swear for me, dear Charlie: it will do me as much good as if I swore myself." But I have no one to describe Vivian for me; all I can say is, that there was that in those full lips of his that told both of fondness, ay, even to madness, for the woman he might love; and a weakness that might succumb beneath its non-requital; or, worse still, be driven down to drive care away by riot, till

the sword wore out the sheath, and the torn heart ceased to beat. Anger or revenge could find no place in that tender nature; the passions that would tear him were not

“The vultures of the mind ;”

no, they were the vices that war against the soul. The soft curve of the chin, however, was exquisitely refined; his voice had that deep and mellow tone that goes to a woman's heart at once, so touching and so true.

He gave you the idea of a man quite spirit-broken, yet savagely sulky withal. He spoke musingly, and yet he addressed me as though I, with the rest of the world, must know his story; he looked at his brother soldiers as they put back in their boat,—

“Ah, dear lady, they are all kind fellows; but they will soon forget the poor wretch upon the sea, and every mother's son of them,” said he, grinding his teeth, “will dance with Lady Ramsay at the Colonel's ball to-night !”

He then dashed away, and asked for a glass of brandy.

“Toss that away, for God’s sake!” said the firm voice of my brother. Vivian turned.

“My name is Hugh Dacre—Dacre of the 40th!”

“Say Dacre of the Djelum. Who does not know your name? It was coupled with that of the bravest. I knew Hesketh well.”

Hugh then called me to him.

“Julia, shake hands with our fellow-passenger; you must be friends.” Here his voice faltered, “he knew poor Arthur, dear——”

“Well, for myself, I have little to say; you, Captain Dacre, might bow your head beneath your laurels; as to my own head, I wish to God I could chop it off!”

Such a shock of agony shot over my poor brother’s face: it quite startled the reckless speaker, and never again did he allude to himself, or to anything that could wound the sufferer, whom he tended with all a woman’s gentlest care. Yes, his was the tender heart

that had loved so fondly,—had grieved so keenly: the heart had only hardened to the fair and lovely; for it was one of such had blasted him.

“Savage to youth and joy, 'tis true;
But, sorrow, he was soft to you.”

Only when Hugh was sleeping quietly, or we two were alone together, did he bring up the past; and I tried to collect all I could about this puzzling Grantley Vivian.


To begin, then. Some weeks after I came to Ravendale, old Bab Blanter was telling me a mournful story, to which in time I too must come, and her homely words ran thus:—

“Ah, Miss Dagger, poor Glendinning was ‘broke’ at Luton ‘Statty’; he went all to the bad when his wife deserted him.”

And that sad word “broke” seems the very one I could best apply to Vivian. Oh, blessed are the merciful! especially to the first fault. A jar is broken, it will not hold what it did; but don’t crush it, nor smash it, nor fling it away; it may be good for something yet: rivet it, solder it, but

don't let it be "broke." Glendinning got tipsy at the "Statty" fair; was a soldier, and as such, being riotous and disorderly, was of course reprimanded; his wife had dishonoured him and taken their only child away. The woman was beautiful, weak, foolish, vain, and he loved her dearly; and she broke the heart of the man whom his colonel was obliged to break. And Bab Blanter went on to say, "I'll tell you the rest when we are to ourselves, Miss Dagger, for this silly fid-fad, Izzbull, always falls a crying when I come to poor Glendinning's end. He never held his head up after he was 'broke' "—here, even the stout-hearted woman herself dashed her knitting-pins more convulsively than usual: *she* was not a silly fid-fad, but this sad tale was too much for her. It seemed to me that Vivian, like Glendinning, had been a victim to a woman too—had been dismissed the service, and was "broke!"

He was now on his way to England, and I feared on the road to ruin too. There was no romance in the place where first they met. It was not on a rock, where the breezes



fanned their glowing cheeks ; nor yet, when the moon was on the river, did they sing love-songs together ; she stood not in the abbey walls, nor yet the castle keep ; the ivy was not round them, nor the woodbine above ; it was in the Southsea Assembly Rooms, and the band were playing "The Lancer Quadrilles."

"She wore a wreath of roses,
The night that first they met ;
Her lovely face was smiling
Beneath her curls of jet ;
Her footstep had the lightness,
Her voice the joyous tone,
The tokens of a youthful heart,
Where sorrow is unknown :"

and her name was Marion Lisle.

It was love at first sight, but it was not calf-love. She was no bread-and-butter girl, nor he a blushing, beardless boy ; but the instant his dark, fond, dreamy eye fell on her he marked her for his own.

I had seen her when at Portsmouth. She was staying with some friends in the town. I could not help admiring her ; she was a

most dazzling girl with a very sprightly figure; she waltzed to perfection, and was so universally admired, she could afford to be good-natured, and always let the plain girls dance with her partners, when she had turned them off; she pleased so much, because you saw she tried to please. Her way to her inferiors was very charming; she smiled so sweetly at all—the pale baker would have kissed her toe, and the stout butcher-boy swore that she loved him.

Marion Lisle had a face that to me always called up a very splendid piece of young ladies' "illuminating:" she seemed all glorious and starry; her hair had the deep glossy black; her eyes, the clear sky blue; and her lips and cheeks, the manuscript ruby. She really was no fool, so that sometimes I wondered men should so love her; but they did—her little *nez retroussé* gave a pert intelligence to her face, and she used to pout up her lips at her partners, as though she would kiss them.

She positively had nothing in the world, except one expensive cashmere shawl, and a

very cheap portrait of her father in a brooch—he wore the general's uniform. The giddy girl soon lost the original brooch, and many another after it; but she always wore the soldier's face, so that some said, "What dark hair General Lisle had!" another "How bald General Lisle was!" or "To be sure, what a fair complexion, and such a handsome nose!" To this the reply would be, "Bless my soul, I thought him a dark, swarthy man, with a horrid turn-up."

Her brooches bothered us a good deal, and, like women, were "best distinguished as black, brown, and fair." But she did quite right to pin her father there; it was so pretty to see her taper fingers point up to her lily neck, and the tear come into her blue eyes, as she sweetly said, "my father," though you knew the man was bought that very morning in the High Street.

"She was," old Commodore Cradock said, "a mare to bet upon—safe to win. Once get her out to India, she'll get a President of Council at the least."

"I doubt," said Mrs. Frowsy, "if she is

steady enough for anything but the army ; ” and so they talked of her ; but so well did they think of her chances, that one kind old lady was really at the expense of sending her out to India, for the sake of getting her married, and Marion thought she could in no way so well show her gratitude as in setting herself off, and getting herself off as soon as possible, and hard enough she worked for it. One might in pity have brought in a Ten-hour Flirtation Bill, for this factory slave in her own peculiar *métier* toiled ‘as hard—she toiled sixteen hours a day, giving her eight for sleep, and even in those eight she was restless.

Glad enough would she have been to have bagged a plump Dockyard bird within the gates, but she had to bear down her bright artillery on the leaner coveys outside. How hard she worked ! She rode to Chichester with Dick Deville and back on Lucy Lumpfort’s pony ; he did not propose, but did his best—told young Harry Scarum of her. Harry Scarum was to come into a large fortune from his aunt, Mrs. Nipp ; but Scarum was

not such a fool as he looked. Mrs. Nipp was wiry, sharp-tempered, and spare, and would live till 1900, and if he wanted it really, would never give him a farthing; so he asked, and wisely enough, how was he to live till then, and turn 1899? Besides, he too, made the great mistake, that Marion was extravagant, and so would not do for old Mrs. Nipp. So he did but name her to young Wylde, of the Marines, who had a liberal aunt who would help him. But even he did not propose, though he believed all they told him. They all fluttered round her, but no more; until at last,

"Young Vivian bow'd,
And then he talk'd of love."

Her bright, clear, crystal eyes cut at once into his heart, and he certainly never was the same man from the gay night that he first met her, till the dark day that he was "broke."

She made a very fair appearance on almost nothing; she got round old Admiral Lumpfort's wife, who used to give her what was too shabby for the girls; indeed, she

did look immensely well in old clothes—better than the Lumpfort girls in new ones. She did not pitch all the colours of the rainbow on at once, as the Lumpforts did ; no, Marion knew that her face was a bright colour, so she toned it down with soft Quaker tints. Oh, how modest she looked—quite the violet ; but then, as there are violets without scent, so was this girl without bashfulness. The same dress, however, called up very different comments—thus :—

“ Do look at those three Lumpforts, in all the colours of the rainbow, for all the world like the sailors’ wives on the Common Hard.” And then,—

“ How sweetly Marion Lisle looks : it must cost her something to match her colours so well.”

The difference lay in the taste alone ; the old clothes were always nicely selected—the new ones, never. Marion Lisle was always well dressed—the Lumpforts, never.

Yet how hard it is to make the timid lover believe he is not choosing prudently when he takes a dowdy girl. He remembers what

poor Richard says, "Silks and satins put out the kitchen fire." So they do, but a Dorothy Draggletail will put it out much faster.

A man always associates great expense with good effect: a terrible error in life's economies. He will note two girls perhaps in passing; one, in a stylish piquant hat, a bright scarlet petticoat beneath a pretty but uncostly dress, and, mayhap, a coquettish "Marie Antoinette" or "Colleen Bawn:" he instantaneously pities the poor husband that will one day have to pay the piper; he is far less aghast as he gazes on the listless heavy thing that is following her.

How is he to know that none but a bad manager, a poor idle sloven, would trail that superbly-worked white petticoat through London?—done for with the mud after one day's wear! The same of her expensive bonnet, of a "goody" shape—her rich silk, of a "goodier" colour: she looks as if she would cost nothing. It is the other he would shrink from as a delusion and a snare, poor blunderer! The one perhaps had five pounds

on her back, the other ten; but the ten looked five, and the five, ten; and so it was with the Lisle and the Lumpfort.

I left for India before poor Vivian's battery came into Portsmouth, but I had heard light tales of Marion Lisle, mostly from old Mrs. Nipp. "How she went to sea with her nephew, Harry; with him, more shame for her, with only the Lumpfort boys; of how she made out there was a squall, and they had to put back, forsooth, and the young Lumpforts declared it was all plain sailing, and sea like a mill-pond; and poor Scarum too late for the office, and threatened with dismissal; and poor Mrs. Nipp had the 'pains,' and they had been flying about her ever since."

And Mrs. Nipp threatened to disown him. That he didn't care about, for *he* never owned Mrs. Nipp when he could help it; but this meant disinheritance, and so he determined never to face a squall with Marion Lisle again. Then she one day rode so far on the road to the Devil's Punch-bowl with John Wylde. The story went that some smugglers attacked them late one evening; that they put up at a

wayside inn; Marion rushed to the van, Wylde in the rear, and her war-cry was: "You take the poker, John; I'll let off the pistol." Poor Wylde thought nothing like her, but how could Vivian believe in her? *He* was not a marine.

He was in the Artillery, and a man of ability, too; an accomplished draughtsman, first-rate in fortification, hydraulics and mathematics; in fact, in every other line and tie a coach could cram him with. He was all this, but then he was madly in love; he said, "the old cats of the terraces were but spiteful, and the young ones jealous." It was no use; when ever is it? Of course, he hugged his darling more.

Deville described him as "down-right kilt," and so he was, with her gaiety and lightheartedness, and her evident preference to him. Vivian was not to blame for thinking she loved him; others had laid the same flattering unction to their deluded souls. Why, even when the stout butcher-boy sprained his ankle looking up at her, and, missing the curb-stone, lost his balance, there was a tear

in Marion's eye; and who could blame the butcher-boy! He thought she loved him; are we not told—

“Too oft is a smile
But the hypocrite's wile!”

and so on; and that—

“The test of affection's a tear!”

Those gawky Lumpfort lads, as old Mrs. Nipp called them,—

“Oh, why did she smile on their boyish love?”

But she smiled on everybody's love, boyish or not. She smiled on old Cradock's, and he was seventy-two; old Admiral Lumpfort had a wife, or she would have smiled on his as well; she did smile on General Goutilex and old Doctor Whitelock, who had been at Waterloo. She got no end of civility by smiling on the Lumpfort boys; picnics, ponies, and boats upon the sea; they would take her out by moonlight, delighting in the task, too blest to be but as goblin pages to the Ladye and her Love.

Grantley Vivian was conquered at once, and that “form entrancing” was all he

thought of night and day. Many shook their heads, for Colonel Sir James Ramsay was said to be smitten too. Part of the battery were to go on to India, the rest to remain a little longer. Marion's military guardian (whose responsibility all felt to be more serious than that of the superintendent of the guns) was to go forward with Sir James. Vivian was to remain behind; Marion, of course, wept as he strained her to him in his wild farewell, his strong form quivering with emotion such as she could never know; it was a love, wild and passionate as was his warm fond nature. Thus, with every good and perfect gift, he endowed his idol. They tell me now that I should be laughed at if I called any man a good man, especially a soldier; this would be "bad form." But if to have been a tender son, an affectionate and most careful brother, a righteous liver, and a generous friend, is not "to be a good man," what then is? It is this combination that forms the most perfect of all characters, the Christian gentleman; some will say it is like the blooming of the aloe, and to be met with

once in a century ; he is not easy to be found with those whose tongues rush through the Holy Word as though borne upon a bicycle, who give out God's own commandments with no more reverence, and even more haste than the auctioneer cries out, "going, going, gone;" or the toastmaster, "charge your glasses." In fact, there is more solemnity in the words, "Gentlemen, are you charged?" than in the irreverent tearing open of the Bible, and the still more irreverent slapping it up when the reading is over, in the chancel of those churches, where people bob and squall, and fast to the very letter of the Rubric—these, I fear, are increasing, and will soon be told off in thousands.

Nor is he with those whose name is legion—yea, they count their tens of thousands. These are they who, having run a course of vice and riot, are turned into crazy fanatics, and fulminate curses on all moderation, honesty, sense, and cheerfulness, the followers of which are to them but imps of Satan, while they are the saints of the Lord. Grantley Vivian had been a Christian and

a gentleman, but the congregations of such are not large, and the pews are empty ; and vain is it for such teachers to preach, for they would tell their hearers of the meek and gentle Jesus, and who are so unlike Him as his blustering followers now ?

Amongst the many valuable things this gay falcon pounced upon was this true, pure, high heart of his. He stood beautiful amongst his fellows, and her eye was pleased. She heard his abilities praised, and her own self-love was gratified. Moreover, he was a man of old family, and her pride was flattered. The only thing she did not like about it was when he said, "I have no great present means, my darling, but money must come to me soon, and I am sure of quick promotion, Marion, of some post wanting head and trust. Capel and Huntly of ours, fellows who would not mislead me, say that old Ramsay thinks no end of me. He is a good soldier, Sir James ; a crazy one to look at, though."

"Ah, isn't he now, Granty ? and such a cough ; and oh, when he waltzes, it's like

an old horse going round in a cider mill, puffing and blowing. Isn't it fine, eh, Granty, dear? he's obliged to chop up his meat to mince, takes dinner pills, and drinks nothing but toast-and-water. Do you know how we found that out, Harry Scarum and I? He always has his own decanter, and Deville cried out, 'I'll unmask him, the deep old file. He takes fifty-shilling sherry for himself, and gives us his two-and-thirty,' and we found out it was but toast-and-water. He lives by rule. It's dreadful, Granty."

"It depends, dearest, on the rule he lives by, if it is good or bad."

"Do you think he can live long, Granty? Last over more than one hot season?"

She looked up at him very eagerly, and seemed to hold her breath for his reply, but "Granty dear" saw nothing but that she was more glowing and beautiful than ever.

It was but a short time they were together. In her light and worthless way she loved this young man, but in her views there deeply entered the Scotch wisdom of the "auld

wife," who taught her daughter that there was nothing like

" A well settled mailing,
Himself for the laird,
And an offer of marriage forthwith."

Still the devotion of the finest soldier there was too much for her vanity (even if she had had the honesty) to set him right as to her wily politics. He laid her far down in the very depths of his heart. She could not do the same by him ; she had no such place to put him in.

She had a head to the fore, and an eye to the main. She had a way of looking at everything valuable, and at the same time portable, with tears in her eyes, telling how " She should think of that, and you, when she was far away, and the blue waters rolled between you," till you were forced to give it to her, even though you were not so weak as the butcher boy, or Grantley Vivian. When she sailed in the troopship to India, you would have thought that the sheriff's officers had been in at old Lumpfort's, and

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stripped him of all but the bare needs of life; the clock was gone from the mantel-piece, the card-bowl from the table. Old Lumpfort and his wife had a terrible breeze. He swore by his topsails—

“Shiver my topsails, Maria, to think you should have gone and given that splendid jar away, the jar that poor Jack gave me before he went to Navarino! To think, Maria.” And a salt tear stood in the old salt’s eye.

“Well, James, she did look at it so affectionately, saying, ‘it would so bring up auld lang syne to her, when she was far away, and the improving months she spent with me and my well-trained and intellectual family.’” (the poor Lumpforts were always considered the wildest and dullest lot about), “I was obliged to give it, but that was nothing to your giving her that superb gold pencil case, my first love gift to you, and then to tell me you had lost it, I at all events didn’t tell a lie, James.”

Lumpfort had lied to his wife, and so dared not answer her.

The stupid Lumpfort girls were cruelly fleeced; not a bow, bit of ribbon or pair of gloves but she looked and wept at. Nothing belonging to the boys would fit her, save little Fred's goloshes, and she walked off in them.

The only gift Marion did not weep over was a little housewife, or lady's companion from old Mrs. Nipp; it was of pinchbeck, as also the thimble, bodkin and scissors, the old lady observing—

“All *en suite*, you see, my dear, all *en suite*.” Marion would have flung them back at her, only she knew that something else was coming *en suite* from that quarter. Poor Harry Scarum bled for an amethyst brooch, necklace, and armlet, all *en suite*; her own present to each of her lovers, costing her exactly ninepence, was made of braid, with here and there a thread of her own glossy curls. Deville gave her an emerald cross, and poor young Wylde conferred a ruby star upon her, but the choicest gem she took with her was Grantley Vivian's gallant heart!

CHAPTER V.

AND next, the second battery left the garrison in another Indian troopship. Gaily beat the soldier's heart, brightly glanced the soldier's eye as he crossed the deep blue waters to the lady of his love. Vivian had neither wasted time, nor tarnished taste among the worthless, and he believed in woman still; ah! how did he fare? Like poor Glendinning, he was "broke." Scarcely was his foot upon the shore when he was told that Colonel Ramsay had married Marion Lisle! Mark and Huntly landed with him, and to this day Mark Bannerman declares, had they not watched him carefully, he would have shot himself.

" Oh ! he heard she was married,
 The last links seemed gone ;
 To the dark shoals of vice
 He was drifting alone.

“ He drank with the deepest,
He pledged with the fair,
He paused not to think
Of the hell that was there !

“ He revelled, he doubted
If his brain could endure ?
If the rose could be scentless,
Or woman be pure ?

“ All tarnished the shrines
Where, despairing, he knelt ;
All thought him unfeeling,
None knew what he felt.”

Her treachery had maddened him, and he struck Colonel Ramsay one morning on parade ! Sir James dealt with him most kindly, and every good heart went with the young soldier, betrayed, deceived, deserted ; but there could be no help for it ; like poor Glendinning, he was “broke :” but, oh ! I prayed to God to save him from Going to the Bad.

And then his friends would meet and talk together.

“ Ah ! poor Grantley ; when a man begins after five-and-twenty going to the bad, there’s small chance of his pulling up. Why will he

stay lurking and idling here? He should be off home instanter. There is no dishonour, only disobedience—bad enough, of course—and old Ramsay was in the right; but such a draughtsman, with such a head for gunnery, and the rest, why he can always make a living; besides old Mrs. Chester's money must come to him: five thousand a year—the best estates in Ravendale.”

“Yes, if we could but save Grantley; he is for head and heart worth a hundred other fellows.” Here poor Bannerman absolutely groaned.

“You are right, Mark. Move heaven and earth to get him home. Let him employ himself, and mix in his own class. A fellow must have chums; if he don't get his equals he'll have them up from down below, and then God help him, how he is coarsened and fleeced!”

And poor Grantley would be saved if their prayers could hold him round.

Mark Bannerman had good cause to love him. It was Vivian's faithful warning voice that had saved him from a very crooked

path ; and could it be possible that he, that *preux chevalier*, once *sans peur* and *sans reproche*, should live to listen to words of reproof from him ? How had the mighty fallen !

“ Yes, we must save poor Grantley,” said old Dr. Neil. “ The tempters of our after-life hunt in couples—betting and drink ; but the snares of youth are a triad. Take heed lest he fall.”

“ Then you see,” Capel added, “ he will get cut right and left, till soon his own class will not know him, except those—and they are not a few—to whom he has been kind. There’s no fellow I like so well. He was one who never saw the fun of turning green into black, or hardening a weak lad into a wicked one. Old Miss Wortley met me only yesterday, and talked of him with tears in her eyes ; for she said she knew so much good of him ; and all say the same. I don’t think he drinks deep as yet. I hope to God he’ll get off home and marry a nice young wife.”

“ That’s what he has sworn he never will do,” replied Mark. “ He hates young ladies

as he hates the very d——; and well he might, poor fellow, judging them by Lady Ramsay, for she played the very d—— with him. I can't think how it was he didn't smoke the flirtation with the Colonel: Harry Scarum did, so did Deville, and even young Wylde of the Marines."

He was fast sinking into a career of useless sloth and unbridled indulgence—that Slough of Despond which always swallows a man of worth and talent who has fallen from his high estate; and he would not shake off its slime. The tender sighed over, the savage maligned him, saying: "See that proud conceited fellow old Ramsay made so much of;" while all were forced to admit "that he was not the Grantley Vivian they had known twelve months before." He was going to the bad, God help him; the trusting heart was blighted, and the gallant soldier "broke"!

At last his aunt, Mrs. Chester, died, and he was heir of entail. Now there was sincere rejoicing amongst all who wished him well. Home to England he must go. His

wealth would bring occupation, if not content; he would seek and find his own equals in talent and rank, and so tear from him that dark remembrance of those sad months that followed on Lady Ramsay's worthless love.

Thus it was with a heartfelt and honest thankfulness, with sincere and sanguine wishes for his welfare, that his friends said good-bye to him on the home-bound *Ava*. They had all stood by him manfully; aye, even when, with the "stinging of a heart the world had stung," he would fling them from him with a curse. Others may have shirked him; his old companions never did. He would sit alone and gnash his teeth, then rouse and rush to revelries he had scorned before. He had, they said, been as good as gold; but there was a want of the tempering of steel in that gold. A man less sorely wounded would have shown a stouter heart. He had been all I told you; yet he would have been a better, had he been a harder man. I found him all my first glance told me that I should, for I saw that in his sweet smile

there was a waver, and his full lips were not firm.

It was a spirit still at war with itself, ever grieving over a blighted career of the highest promise, not hardening back to pride, but softening into self-indulgence; shunning most men, and all women of his own class. A spirit of wilful despondency that would make a wreck of one of nature's masterpieces.

However, he did fling away the brandy-flask at my brother's bidding; and throughout our homeward voyage, none could be more strictly temperate, more faultlessly correct; but it was only with us that he would mix at all; he looked at all the young girls, as I told you, as if they were so many leonine kittens just springing out to scratch him; and I feared that the man one woman had so vilely wronged would never have the love and trust to make another Mrs. Vivian.

The last words of my poor brother were—

“Dear Julia, I owe Vivian a debt I shall not live to pay. To you he may talk recklessly; with me, though sorrowful, he is

serious, so that I have more hopeful faith in him, than you can have; but as 'the hart panteth after the water-brooks,' so does this half-ruined man pant back for a life of righteousness. I die a poor man, dearest, with nothing but my blessing and my prayers to leave this tender and devoted friend, and nothing but my good name for my sister; I received it without reproach, and thank God I have never stained it. Go back to Portsmouth where your father lived and died, and where poor Hesketh, too, was known. I have given Vivian all those instructions it would break your heart to hear. Though I did not die in battle, still it may be said of Hugh Dacre for his country he fell; and through my years of agony I have often envied the ball that pierced poor Hesketh's heart"——

He sank back upon Vivian's arm; and within sight of Southampton Water, in his cabin on board the *Ava*, struck down in his splendid prime, my only brother breathed his last.

Vivian clasped my hand in his.

“Julia,” he said, “I have seen a Christian die; may I, too, die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like his.” Here he brushed his sleeve across his forehead, and with strong emotion turned away; then controlling himself, he continued,—

“Julia, by this solemn deathbed, swear you will not send me from you; I seem to feel that that blest spirit with its warning voice will shield me from evil, and the spirit of your brother will be by me in you. Oh, Julia, keep me by you; you are the last link that binds me to good; if I could again believe in woman, I should believe in you. Call me dolt, imbecile, craven,—nay, worse than all these,—call me womanish. I cannot bear my own thoughts—I shudder at my own past. I shall plunge again into that swift destruction from which I have been so mercifully roused; and ‘seared in heart, and lone, and blighted, more than this, I scarce can die.’ Oh, Julia, keep me with you. ‘Whither thou goest I will go, thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God.’ ”

CHAPTER VI.

WE laid him in his soldier's grave, my brave and gallant brother, and Vivian returned to Southampton with me. I felt the selfishness of giving myself up to sorrow, and I was thankful to have my young companion with me, to distract my thoughts. I was grieved to see he made no advances in return for the cordial welcome of his old acquaintances at Portsmouth; he seemed to shudder at the very memory of those scenes which brought back to him his frenzied love for Marion Lisle. His fancy was still enthralled, and yet the heart was revengeful and soured. It seemed to me that his love for the false woman would have been less lasting, only that that love was so unhappily

mixed up with his dismissal—his life's lasting shame, he called it.

I felt it to be a very touchy matter, this recommending him to look up his friends, and I did not urge it. But though he seemed inclined to shuffle going on to Castle Vivian, he determined to bring me down to Ravendale, telegraphing, as well as he could, that they must expect the heir-at-law that night. It was a strange chance that Castle Vivian should be within twelve miles of Ravendale, so that, though I was in utter ignorance of my destination, Vivian was not. However, there were so many branches, such stoppages and uncertainties in the railway journey, that we determined to start westward by the old Southampton coach. To have poor Grantley with me was an inexpressible comfort. I never felt so broken-hearted. A new life seemed opening upon me instead of the straitened means, yet assured position, of a soldier's daughter, content with her lowly rooms and kindly friends on the well-known Southsea Terrace. I was without pilot, helm, or chart, sailing

on unknown seas to take possession of the splendid fortune of a sordid miser, whose very name I had never heard. But there was no doubt that Guy Decker, that grey old man of Ravendale, was a Dacre of Northumberland, a Dacre of the Heronheight, and I his heir-at-law, failing Captain Hugh. I was glad, at all events, though it was some miles further on, that still we were nearing on to Castle Vivian, and bringing Grantley amongst his own again. So I got into the Southampton coach, and we were to reach our West country town *viâ* Warminster. I was a middle-aged woman, far from well, in deep mourning, and in deeper sorrow. Vivian was still busy with our packages, and the guard of the coach said:—

“Young ladies, would one of you be so kind as give up your seat. She is very sadly, and mayhap can’t sit back to the ’osses; she is sorely crippled up by something or another.” He bowed to the elder one.

“Ah, Miss Prime is it, parson Prime’s daughter?”

She did not stir, so I took my place. She kept her eyes fixed on a book that had clasps, seemed bound in vellum, and the leaves tinted with carmine. It was a book of "Hours" or "Exercises," with something like "Sarum" printed at the back, and on the flyleaf I read, "To my beloved daughter Tierça, from Father Ritus, eve of S. Swithin." Her book told me she was an "Anglican;" her look that she was *not* Christian. She glanced at me, as much as to say, "And back to the horses you may sit," her hard, unwomanly face as immovable as the sphinx. She had a great, big, heavy black chain, that reminded me of the South-sea convicts on their march. She seemed to have not a ray of intellect in her narrow forehead, her nose was tight and pinched—a nose that, while awake, was always snuffling, and I am sure, if she slept, it snored.

Her father was the Rev. Vesper Prime, who had just been inducted to the parish of All Bells.

I next looked at my other *vis-à-vis*; she was a brighter, saucier thing; nothing eccle-

siastical nor pious about her. Next, I looked at her hand-bag ; it was the bag of

MISS PATTY PERTUN,

Passenger to

Ravendale.

She was a disgusting, ill-bred, little fidget, cold and cruel. She did not bestow so long or so transfixing a look upon me as the pitiless Tierça, for she was intently occupied in thinking of herself, and of what the stylish stranger at the coach side might be thinking of her. Scared at the young ladies, he only vouchsafed a cheering smile at me, and went on with his cigar. The girls thus could see no connection between us, viz., the stout large woman, who sat like a huge black crape bag in the corner, and the elegant attractive man, who was put down as the eagerly-expected heir-at-law, Captain Hugh Dacre. Then again he mounted the coach top ; an old man sat beside him, and, brimful of curiosity, began,—

“ If I may be so bold, sir, you come home from Indy by the *Ava* ? ”

"Yes ; only landed five days ago, and left Southampton this morning."

"Well, sir, who was to think of it ? But it's a mint o' money you've come in to—a mint o' money ! May you enjoy it more than its last owner did." And the man sighed. Vivian had known Mrs. Chester for a hypochondriacal and most unhappy woman, so merely said—

"Well 'pon my life, I think a lot of money more pother than fun."

"Oh, don't blaspheme, sir," said the man, "don't blaspheme, as old Guy Decker used to say when anybody sneered at money ; he did not 'lay up for himself treasure in heaven,' but he laid up lots on earth, and he looked so well arter it, that never a thief broke through, nor stole ; catch old Guy Decker ! Parson Prime was for old Guy's 'dowing a nunnery, and tried him hard ; but the old miser hated women so, he'd 'a furnished a ducking-stool to every burrer town in the kingdom sooner."

"And he was quite right," laughed Vivian.

"Bless my soul, to think you take arter him in *that* too; how strange!"

"Ah! and more than that, *my* ducking-stool should never come up again if I could help it."

"Exactly old Guy Decker to the life. Well, sir, he died worth untold gold, and he died wanting the bare needs of life; he was beholden to that good old Miss Bab—I should say Miss Blanter—of the militia, for his broth and gruel, but of course the heir-at-law will square all that for her."

"Of course, of course."

"Ay, but for old Bab and the Doctor, the richest man in Ravendale must have died of want; and to think that, arter all, the old screw were born a gentleman! Well, now I come to think of it, he might be called a gentleman: he were never in a hurry, for one thing; he never talked of his relations, for another; nor he never pulled up folks' grand-fathers, for a third. You, sir, be a gentleman, and a soldier too?"


Poor Vivian, though he was a gentleman, he was not a soldier now! He frowned.

“Ah, sir, and your frown, too, is the very moral of his 'en; you 'a got his frown, but not his squint; he was a red 'ot Radical, leave alone a dissenter, and when the Rads was hard up for a member, they says, says they, 'Let's send up old Guy Decker.' Then Squire Pertun says, says he, 'Ah! but he squints, and he'll never catch the Speaker's eye;' and that won't never tickle the Rads, they wants their men for ever on their legs, a' blowing up the Blues; they're sharper fellows nor we, I don't envy them; I rents under the Dook, and I believes in Church and State, and God A'mighty. Are you a Baptist, sir, if I may be so bold?”

“I'm no religion at all; but, if I do lean to any, it may be to the Mormons.”

“God forgive you, sir; there's Miss Prime, Miss Tierça in the coach; you did bawl out so, I'm sure she heard you; may He turn your heart to Church and State again; but you be a soldier, and they believes in nothing but the devil.”

“Ay, and they don't half believe in *him*; they only trust in Providence, and keep their



powder dry." Here they got to the next stage.

"You'll stand a glass, eh, sir? I'm very dry."

"That's strange, this wet day."

"Come, sir, you're no wretched old grip, I'll swear; here's to your health, and a long life, and a merry one, to toss your new-won gold about; hip, pip, hurra."

Vivian jumped off, but never turned towards me; I still sat opposite to the hard, unfeeling faces, who now chattered incessantly. "Wanting food, but for old Bab Blanter, you have heard that old Guy Decker's dead at last, worth half a million?"

"No, no," said Patty Pertun, less noodled; "but they say he has left one hundred thousand pounds; and to think, after all, that he was born a gentleman—who ever could believe it? Ah! and the heir-at-law is outside, that tall, handsome darling, with the rich lips, and full eyes, just after my own heart, like the gods of old, top of Mount Olympus—Cupid, Apollo, and all that."

“Better he looked like a saint of old,” snuffled Tierça.

“Nonsense, you don’t mean you like a man like Aquinas, A’Kempis, and all that? No, no, he has got a broad brow, much too broad for your set, Tierça; they have all narrow foreheads that go to All Bells.”

“Why you could not have seen him, Patty; for he turned away quite horrified at the very sight of you.”

“I’ll teach him then for his impudence. ‘Hell holds no fury like a woman scorned!’ A woman and a Pertun too. Par and Mar are at the head of the best clique in Raven-dale; and if they hold back, all the rest will—the MacDrawls, the O’Wearys, and Mrs. Fitzflash. This will soon let him know that old Guy Decker was a greasy old snob: if he offends the Pertuns, he offends half the world.”

“Well, let us hope his heart is not fixed in this world, or the sinners down below,” snuffled Tierça.

“You’ll not get him into All Bells, though; none but sheep with narrow foreheads join

that flock—narrow foreheads and sly eyes; and these eyes are wonderful, glorious. I should think Don Juan had such eyes—eh, Tierça?” said the coarse, audacious parrot.

Poor Tierça did not know Don Juan even by name, so she was not quite so shocked as I was; but she had some feeling for her father, though not for me, and she really looked quite cowed before the “woman scorned.”

“We are to take up Greta Jocelyn at Warminster. How strange she is not married. She’ll never get off now, since this dreadful thing of poor Loraine; and then being jilted by that raff De Grey.”

“Oh! don’t say jilted; and De Grey was not a raff. The whole family hold the Anglican faith in greater purity than any other in Father Ritus’s flock. Mrs. De Grey died while papa held St. Cellon’s before he came to All Bells; and, on her deathbed, she extracted a solemn oath from poor Vere, that he would never bring such dishonour upon his name as to marry Greta Jocelyn; for her

mother's shame, you know she was nothing but Glendinning's child. And poor Vere promised. He never broke his promise, but he broke his heart. He never was the same. He took to bad ways; but he was a pure Anglican, kept strict fast Wednesdays and Fridays, two days a week."

"Ay, and drank hard the other five! Was that Anglican too, Tierça?" scoffed Patty.

The god jumped down from Olympus—*i.e.* Vivian from the coach; and we stopped at Warminster, and took up Glendinning's child.

CHAPTER VII.

HERE a coroneted carriage bowled up to the coach. A pleasing woman, long past her prime, was apparently trying to soothe and cheer alternately a girl, clad in deep mourning, of noblest growth, of choicest form, the sweet tones of whose trembling voice were music to my ear, after Miss Pertun's shrill cackle, or the nosy lisp of Tierça Prime. Solemnly, the elder lady said:—

“Trust in God, dear Greta.”

“I feel so crushed, Miss Jocelyn, by shame and sorrow. It seems but a God of vengeance that is left to me. And what have I done?” she asked, in that querulous, yet touching tone, which has more of sorrow in

it than any other; borne on the breath of misery, it always flies to my very heart.

"The sins of the fathers, my poor child, are visited on their children."

"Yes," she said; "but oh! cruel, cruel, to take Loraine! Loraine, so bright and beautiful! Loraine, so pure and proud! Oh! cruel, cruel!"

"She was their child, dear Greta; she was their child."

The speaker paused, the girl bent down to kiss her tenderly, and the coroneted carriage bowled away.

"Splendour, but no happiness," justly remarked poor Tierça.

"Yes; but still she does get in at Landsfeldt Park, who could have thought? Even if Miss Jocelyn took up Loraine, it is absurd noticing Greta. However, I shall speak to her—I always do; for Colonel Jocelyn is the only man who will introduce us to the Hunt, and the officers at the county ball."

So Patty gave a saucy nod of gratitude to her father as Greta Jocelyn entered the

coach. She, too, had heard of the all-important heir-at-law, and raised her face to look at Vivian; he seemed to loathe it for its loveliness, and turned savagely away. If the sight of Patty was a casualty, this seemed verily a calamity.

He did not trust himself to another glance. He was as one who feared the plague. A wee bit of camphor would keep off the nettle-rash; it wanted a big one to exorcise cholera morbus. Such seemed the woman-hater's comparative terror of Patty and of Greta.

Tally ho! The coachman was a sort of gentlemanly raff, well liked, and well known on the road; he was one who, they said "had seen better days," which might in such cases be read as days he could afford to make more blackguardly.

"Ah!" he said, "that's Miss Jocelyn, poor Greta, we have just taken up from Landsfeldt Park; to think what she must have lived through this last twelvemonth; it seems odd, father and lover should both be broke!" He turned to Vivian.

“ Ah, sir, a broken soldier is, so to speak, the devil’s own.”

Here my poor broken soldier drew the deep peak of his travelling cap far down his face. Patty would not have liked his Juan’s eyes, he looked more liked the god of thunder, —old Jupiter—than Apollo, then.

“ Sad thing,” put in old Chatterley ; “ you saw her, that sweet young lady, as drove up in the coach and four ? Her mother was a light-o’-love of Colonel Jocelyn’s, afore her husband, poor Glendinning, died, and arter that he made her his wife, but most of the childern was born the wrong side ; Miss Loraine come first, then four noble boys. Colonel Jocelyn is to be Lord Landsfeldt, and, oh ! ’twere dreadful, the two boys as were born all right, and could succeed, both died.”

Poor old Chatterley seemed quite overcome with the tale that he was telling, and the driver went on :—

“ Loraine was beautiful, more stately, as tall, but not so sweet and bonnie as Greta. Mr. St. Salvey, the vicar of St. Bridget’s,

fell in love with her; he met her at Bath; she sounded well, and the Landsfeldt connection would be a lift for him. He looked high, he always was lifting his eyes to heaven, but he had his eyes wide open though for earth as well. St. Bridget's was between Bath and Bristol, and the Ravendale scandal hadn't reached.

“He met her at the Bath Assembly Rooms. The colonel was wild to get the girls married, and brought them out far too young; they were tall and womanly, though but children in years; the beautiful Miss Jocelyns they were called. St. Salvey had a good fortune, but wanted rank. He was a fine imposing fellow, and he had an oily tongue, that man. Well, he came to Ravendale, and the murder was out. Mrs. Pertun put him up to it all directly; he turned tail, made a great fuss about virtue and vice, said ‘he could not pollute the ministry by such a marriage.’ In fact, sir, he behaved as badly as only a religious snob can do, and called Jocelyn to account for passing the girl off as his daughter. He has married the Countess Humdbicant

now; you often see the names at Court, Sillina Countess Humdbicant and Mr. St. Salvey. As to poor Loraine, she completely lost her reason; she would neither move, eat, or sleep; and Miss Greta bore up in her own grief, only to watch and soothe her sister. My daughter went as nursery governess to the little girls; they were born in wedlock; it seemed that this was to be the poor woman's curse, to lose the two legitimate sons, while the four strapping bastards were so hale and strong. This seemed God's vengeance, and she took it as such—the curse on the false wife! Then there came a greater curse: Loraine, the pride of the country-side, jumped into the lake at poor Glendinning's gate; her sister was with her; of course she could do nothing but give the alarm; then they pulled her out, the pretty creature, cold, stark, dead, that child of love and shame!"

"And St Salvey?" then said Vivian.

"Oh," said the driver, "he was saving souls, and hunting dowagers, but he wrote a 'beautiful letter,' they called it, to Mrs. Pertun,

all about sin and perdition, and *her* lost soul."

"A beautiful letter, do you call it?" cried out old Bab Blanter; "I tell you what, Mrs. Pertun, I'd pull the rope with my own hand, if I could hang that man."

"Bravo, Miss Blanter, so would I," said Vivian: he did not ask, but looked as if he wanted to hear more.

"Miss Greta's—Miss Jocelyn, as we call her—was a sad, sad tale. She was engaged, when little past sixteen, to a Mr. Vere de Grey, a rich excellent young man, a little weakish, as most of the St. Cellonites are; he loved Greta to distraction, though he *did* know the story,—and *she* was not even Jocelyn's daughter, only poor Glendinning's child; but Mrs. De Grey, upon her death-bed, wrung from him a solemn oath that he would not so disgrace the old name by such a link of infamy. Poor De Grey was in the army; he took to drinking, went out to the Crimea, struck his colonel, and was cashiered; he then enlisted, volunteered in the famous Balaklava charge, and fell with the bravest.

You may call up that name, sir, Vere de Grey ? Break a soldier, sir, and you send him like hell fire to the bad."

Here Chatterley looked up at the heir-at-law, and at once put him down for a devil of a temper, like old Guy ; even Guy had not looked blacker, when Fitz Flash cajoled him into backing a bill, or Bab Blanter beguiled him of a pound for the poor ; he was afraid Captain Hugh was a chip of the old block, but time would show.

The driver continued :—

"Poor Miss Greta took his death very calmly, thanking God he should have died so bravely ; it was not his death that saddened her, it was because his love for her had sent him to the bad."

Even the driver of the Tally-ho, as well as poor Chatterley, seemed a moment to falter.

"The Colonel loves her dearly, better than his own, and tries hard to get the girl off, for when he is Lord Landsfeldt, awkward truths will come out ; since then, she has thought of nobody ; she'll never love mortal man again. Bless ye, she'll turn out a

Quaker preacher. She don't mind who it is, she's reformed ever so many. She met young Digby coming from billiards; she up and told him to go there no more, of how smoke led to brandy, and brandy to death. She walked him off, and I pass 'most every night on the Tally-ho, and I've never seen him at the 'Jolly Dogs' since; that's Digby. As to Beach Knightly, you know him Chatterley? He takes no end of preachments from her, but he's very vain, and will have it she's in love with him. Bless ye, she has such a horror of men except in the preachment way, it would drive her wild to think of a husband, except as she tells my daughter to bear an honest man's name, and be sheltered from scorn. Young Lawless, that is so fond of betting, was a great trouble to her, but she turned him from his evil ways. He's another I never see now at the 'Jolly Dogs,' as I drive by on the Tally-ho,—I am afraid for him, he thinks 'tis but her sweet words that he loves, I think 'tis the sweet lips as well."

"Well," laughed Vivian, "I should send

this young Jesuit propaganding elsewhere if I were the landlord of the ' Jolly Dogs.' "

" Then, sir," said Chatterley, " you may have the chance, for it was old Guy Decker's."

" Then," cried Jehu, " when Miss Jocelyn goes among the cottagers, she don't go drenched and dowdy as the others do ; no, she looks bright and cheery, brings them tea, not tracts ; sugar, not sermons."

" So," said Vivian, " she keeps her sermons for young gentlemen going to the bad ?"

Here the guard blew the horn, and the Tally-ho rattled gaily down the street. The road was thronged, quite an avenue was formed, as Vivian jumped from the coach top, and stepped into the " Jolly Dogs ;" for far and wide the news had spread—there he was; the handsome soldier, Captain Dacre of the Heron Height, old Guy Decker's heir-at-law.

Now the ladies must alight. Patty perked her head out to get a peep at her Juan, then leaped out of the coach like an electrified frog. Tierça snaffled past me without one

‘good day,’ but the girl that sat beside me still kept my hand in hers, and turning softly to me, said,

“Have you any friends expecting you? Shall I see you home, where do you go?”

I sobbed out “To Grove Cottage, in Ivy-lane.”

“That is on the road to the Honour. I will ask papa to see to the boxes, and we will walk together there.”

I took her arm, for at that moment she supported me—the willow and oak. To this day I upbraid my selfish and unrestrained sorrow, when I think of what that young slight woman had gone through.

And we walked away together, and she said:

“There is a great bustle in the town; we have just lost a famous miser, old Guy Decker; and the heir-at-law, Captain Hugh Dacre, came down on the Tally-ho to-night.”

She paused, for a shriek—hysterical, heart-rending, involuntary—escaped me; it seemed that it was my misery that was shrieking, not myself.

Here Vivian came up to me. She kissed me tenderly, and told me to "remember my God in my sorrow," then "passed away in silence, like a benefit forgot."

CHAPTER VIII.

WE then rapped at a lowly door, having passed through a wicket-gate that led on to Grove Cottage. It was opened by a diminutive creature, such as Dickens's "Marchioness;" she was about nine years old, and small even for that. She told us she was "the gel as did for old Guy Decker;" he did not pay her enough for him to be called "master." There was a waiting-room at the side, which seemed to be the miser's exchange; there was the old oak chair before the old bureau, which had a sort of light wired cage-like screen, which suggested the bird of prey who sat behind it, squaring his accounts; but his last great account was rendered now, and I could not jest.

"Sit down, dear Julia," Grantley said, while the "gel as did" asked—

"What must I call you to the ladies, young man?"

"Please tell them, little lassie, that the heir-at-law came down by the Tally-ho to-night, and I'll follow you."

"Please walk up, young man."

Two bounds of his long legs sufficed to take him to the top of old Guy Decker's turret stair. Susan announced him.

"Please ma'am, he's the heir-at-law; Miss Bab, turn down your tail."

Miss Bab, Vivian thought, must be something either canine or feline, but he was mistaken, for Susan's reminder was followed by the instant descent of the silk skirts of two ladies, who sat by the fireside, and, in their hard economy, thus saved their dresses, and let their petticoats catch the scorching. In one moment he knew that Miss Bab, the owner of the tail, was no other than the warm-hearted woman who said, "if she had but the rope, she would hang St. Salvey," and his heart leapt towards her at

once. Miss Bab had been for days and nights in that sick chamber, in constant attendance upon the old man, who had no other friend. The funeral was fixed for to-morrow, and she was sitting with another lady anxiously looking out for the arrival of the heir-at-law.

The elder lady put down her knitting; it was a stocking; but being brown, narrow, and very long, it looked much more like a garden hose of gutta-percha for watering plants. She pitched her last stitch off, and the other lady, bridling up, gave Vivian a stately curtsey, with

“Captain Hugh Dacre? I presume.”

Again I heard that well-loved name! but I was sinking into calmness from exhaustion, and I made no sign; but none the less did that sound pierce me to the core; regrets were vain, and yet I sighed to think that mayhap the thousandth part of the miser's wealth might have enabled poor Hugh to retire, and thus have saved his life. Too late! too late!

Oh! with a rejoicing heart, I would have

given up all my golden treasure to have called my brother back to me.

Then bowing to her, Grantley said,

"I am not Captain Dacre ; my name is Grantley Vivian ; poor Dacre died on board the *Ava* about a week ago, and I have brought his sister, Julia Dacre, down, who is now the heir-at-law."

Then Miss Bab bustled out, and came kindly down to me, the other having turned her tail in graceful folds, blushed up to Vivian ; she shook her curls, and all that she said was sweetly sentimental ; she talked of Guy as

"The brother who had gone before her,
And whose saintly soul had flown."

She said "that in spite of all, a glint of his high lineage flashed in his eye," *which* eye she did not specify, as by reason of his obliquity, they could not flash together ; she then introduced herself as Miss Isabelle Blantyre. She had a girlish coquettish way ; her age you could not tell, for she was laced up to corset-point, and her hair bandolined down to the raven's wing. Miss Bab called up :

"Come down Izzbull, and shake hands with Miss Dagge'r."

Miss Isabelle's voice was a shrill soprano, Miss Bab's a contralto, deeper down than Herr Formes' bass.

She softly smiled at Vivian, and gave her hand for him to lead her down the little staircase, with an air as romantic as if he were leading her forth from a castle wall.

"Well, jüst to think, Izzbull, to think old Guy's gold was only hoarded to come to a woman at last; oh, all his life he hated women so, old and young, and I think if he hated one more than another, it was the young he hated most!"

Here Vivian gave such a nod of approbation to Guy's memory, that he seemed to put down the abode of the "pious blest" to be that place

"Where the women cease from troubling,
And the men can be at rest."

The two kind ladies were quite tired out, and only too glad to resign their charge; Vivian walked home with them, and then returned to me, saying,

"Julia, I think I had better go back to the 'Jolly Dogs,' for I did not bring up my traps. The funeral is to be at ten o'clock to-morrow; these good ladies have arranged it all; you would like me to follow the old man to his grave; there is no other mourner to represent the Dacre family."

I thanked him heartily for his unbounded kindness to me, and he said "Good night."

Vivian left, and my only companion in that lone house with the dead was poor little Susan. Miss Bab had had the thought to send me in a bit of supper, and I talked on with this wee thing until late into night. I thought I heard a light step at the wicket gate, and the low door softly open.

Susan, "simple" Susan, cried out, "Oh! my, there's old Guy 'walking.' Grandmother says he'll never rest in his grave, 'cos he sold his sould to Satan."

Poor child, her teeth chattered, and her knees knocked together from fright. Of course I did not share the dread of meeting Guy out 'walking,' but the child started forward with—

"Let me go and 'lay' it; mother says a bit from the 'catechiz' will always lay a ghost."

She sprang back.

"Tisn't old Guy, 'tis the young man as come with you; he's broke into the counting-house, and is stealing all the money. He's a villain, or a brigand, like them in the play, I know him by his musty shoes top of his top lip."

Vivian, I suppose, thinking I should be alarmed, here came out, saying,

"I could not leave you here, Julia, alone with this child, and yet I felt it would bother you if you knew that I stayed. Miss Bab gave me one key, and Susan has another. I thought I'd first get my supper at the 'Jolly Dogs,' and then return. It is not safe to leave you here, with (as they think) so much wealth about; I have my thick railway rugs, and, as you know, I have lain on many a harder bed; and Susan, I promise you I'll not kill you in your sleep."

"Oh, I beg ten thousand pardings, sir, but

them fierce mustyshoes top o' your lips do make you look so like a villain."

We went upstairs, the poor child sitting at my knee. Old Guy never allowed but one candle, so she blew the second out, saying it would make him "walk." She talked of the two ladies who had left; her vernacular would puzzle you, as it did me, so I will give you the pith of Susan's revelations.

The ladies were first cousins of the name of Blantyre, and, from the different estimation in which they were held, it was easy to see that you may value yourself at one thousand or at one, and the world will treat you according to that assessment. One called herself Isabelle Blantyre, with the accent on the tyre, as of more imperial sound; now Barbara called herself Bab Blanter, and she was pronounced accordingly; thus separately and singly, they were announced.

Isabelle's father was in the Marines, old Bab's in the Militia. Both were tall women. Isabelle was straight-backed, laced up to the best of her bust, and dressed to the full

extent of her humble purse; she affected juvenility, and pointed her toe to perfection. She gave you the idea of a stately sailing vessel on the summer sea, while Bab was puffing and blowing like a steam-tug with the wind against it, cutting through the Chops of the Channel.

Isabelle's shawls always draped in zephyrs round about her like an old Canova Grace. Bab used to pin hers "double across her breast," she said, "to keep out the cold." Isabelle's sandals were crossed to perfection over her fine clock-work stocking; old Bab wore thick clumsy boots, and they were not even "rights and lefts," as she said those on the "straight wore down fairer." Isabelle had a fallala style of bonnet with feathers fluttering in the breeze; old Bab's had a curtain plaited so full as to look like the hammer-cloth of a chariot in miniature. This, she said, was to "cover the glands." They had each a few hundreds. Miss Isabelle might have been quite as comfortable as Bab, only she would not sink her money for fear of telling her age. Old Bab

did, and got eight per cent., and doubled her income. They were both careful women; as the turning the "tail," for the petticoat to catch the fire, would testify. Miss Isabelle sang romantic songs, used to ask folks

"To live with her, and be her love."

Told us that

"Her mother bid her bind her hair."

And that

"She was over young to marry yet."

Well, perhaps she thought so; for she had not done it. Isabelle was very gullible: she was Miss Blantyre of the Marines. Her cousin had a sounder head and a heavier tread: she was old Bab Blanter of the Militia. So much I gathered from the child, Susan Scapegrace, who, in spite of her superstition and simplicity, was very wide-awake. She concluded:—

"'Tis strange, ma'am, but old Bab has got Miss Isabelle quite in her power, and she's mortal afeared of something a' coming out; and mother and me found out the secret, and

knows 'what's what,' and which is which. When Miss Isabelle's a-showing off, and a-going to be peevish, old Bab stops her in a twinkling with :—

“ ‘Stuff a’ nonsense, Izzbull ; you know you’re a year and a day—’

“ Here mother turned away, but I listened on, I did, and she said, ‘a year and a day older than I am.’ ”

The child thus let me into the secret that put Miss Isabelle in old Bab’s grip. She often held the rod over, but never, unless bitterly provoked, let it fall upon her cousin.

Old Bab had a sweet temper, though her manners were crusty ; Miss Isabelle’s manners were sweet, and temper crusty. Bab was always knitting, Miss Isabelle netting. Bab was short-sighted, and, as her pins were painfully long, you felt, as she poked over the brown hose, that the tip of her nose was being shot off every time she turned her work.

Miss Isabelle used to slide her long slender foot into a graceful bit of cerulean blue ribbon, her hands gently waving to and

fro. She always contrived to let fall her ball if any gallant knight were at her side, who invariably lifted it back with the compliment she loved so well,—

“Ah! blest place! It is where I would ever be!”

Whether he meant in Miss Blantyre's netting-case, I cannot say; Isabelle, thereupon, would look ‘out afar’ into the window if summer, the fire if winter, with a sigh of suppressed and unutterable things; only old Mr. Pertun behaved badly, he used to say,

“None of your tricks, Miss Isabelle, I'm far too stout to stoop.”

So he was, poor fellow, “seventeen stun and a ‘arf,” he said.

Whereupon Isabelle would turn to a more sympathizing and slender friend, and sigh out—

“To treat a soldier's daughter so.”

Bab never dropped her knitting, but always her stitches, yet as she picked them up at the end of her long nose, with her own long pins, she was in this, as she prided herself

she was in everything else, at "no man's mercy."

Now, Isabelle had all her life been at "man's mercy." Three times she had been jilted, twice blighted, and then forsaken quite. Hers had been a life of love affairs; her heart had been rent in every garrison town in the kingdom; she used to tell every young girl in the kingdom, too, that her reason would forsake her, did she dwell on the sad memories of the past, and the bitter woes that had darkened the path of the soldier's daughter.

She never was asked to dwell upon them. This was Miss Blantyre of the Marines.

Now old Bab Blanter of the Militia had the modesty not to call herself a soldier's daughter; she was a much happier, because a much wiser woman than Isabelle. She bustled herself in the parish among the poor, and though she had but little of her own to spend, she was entrusted with a great deal of charity money; and she spent it well—she neither listened to cant, nor yet

assisted the worthless—so all were satisfied with their delegate. She had eyes for the blind, and spent many an hour in reading to the aged ; she had hands, too, to help the weary, and many a mother struck down by illness could tell of old Bab Blanter's ready help in time of trouble.

Miss Bab had immense influence, too, in families of her own class ; but it was an honest influence, which most *outer* influence rarely is. She went about improving, not propagandising ; she did not, under cloak of religion, beguile the daughter from her mother, or shake the son in his father's faith ; she did not call sowing distrust and scattering dissension preaching the Gospel, or upholding the Church ; she never did Evil for the glory of the God of Good.

Her head might shake and her tongue fire at the listless mummeries of Tierça Prime, or the vulgar pretension of Patty Pertun ; she might think poor Tierça a weak, dreaming, and unhappy fool ; but she was one to warn, and not expose her. . She knew Patty for a pert puss, that one day must come

down ; but she was one to stay, not hurry her fall. It was from her hand that old Guy Decker received the last comforts of his sordid life ; but the miser's death-bed was not one the Christian woman liked to think on. We should all use our gifts to the blessing and benefit of our fellow-men.

“To worth we should give honour,
And dry the mourner's tears ;
And to the pallid lips recal
The smile of happier years.
Oh, we should play the enchanter's part,
And scatter bliss around,
Till not a pain, or aching heart,
Should in this world be found.”

But we must not arraign the dead.

The child fell asleep with her little hands in mine. I, too, closed my poor weary eyes, and did not wake till eight o'clock, when a rap came to my door, and Grantley said—

“Julia, Mr. Slab, the undertaker, must see the heir-at-law.”

CHAPTER IX.

AND now the sorrowful procession was to be formed.

The inscription on the coffin-lid ran thus :—

GUY DACRE

Born at the Heron Height, Northumberland,

March the 9th, 1770.

Died at Ravendale,

May the 4th, 1855.

Aged 85.

This was obtained from an old family Bible.

Vivian announced his death in the *Times*, as the last male representative of the old line of the Heron Height, the Dacres of Northumberland.

It was a humbly-arranged funeral, for

there had been no one in a position to go to any but the absolutely necessary expenses ; so only Grantley followed him, still imposing on all as the young and handsome heir-at-law. The little wicket-gate was thronged to see him pass out from Grove Cottage with his proud and stately tread to the humble grave.

Patty over the window-blind peeped up at her Olympian god, while poor Tierça at her Lilliputian oratory began praying for the dead. Susan Scapegrace said she was "glad Mr. Grantley's mustyshoes was so black, it looked deeper mourning ; and she was very happy that old Guy were gone for good, for as ghosts never crossed water, old Guy could not 'walk' Ivy Lane."

So he was buried in his humble grave, and his untold gold came to a woman—to one of that hated sex, whom, when living, he had spurned.

Little Susan put her hand in mine, and wondered "However I could take on so for old Guy ; you never 'ood if you could 'a seen him, ma'am ; but," she said, breaking off

into business, "there have been two young persons a-coming and offering for my place. I sent 'em off pretty quick. I said, said I, as I had done for old Guy, and I should do for you. You see I ask for no money, only vittals and drink, and I'm sure I shall get double as much. Only to see Mr. Grantley eat up all that bacon old Miss Bab sent in, my! Old Guy didn't take as much in a fortnight. I only wanted a rise in my vittals, and that I shall have. Do keep me with you, and see if I can't do for you as I done for Guy."

She had a fond way with her, though a fawning one, and was very sharp. I liked the little creature; I could not have allowed such freedom, and therefore could not have had such sympathy, from an older girl; I consented to keep the little saucebox to do for us—at the same time ordered in that *sine quâ non*, a capital cook.

Vivian seemed determined to remain; he shuddered at the thoughts, he said, of tearing himself from a home. I concluded that it was best he should be with me; then

there would be no excuse for time spent at the "Jolly Dogs." At present he was of immense importance to me, and he was on the road to Castle Vivian, where he ought now to be.

He was a man of many accomplishments, and in respectable company could well fill up his time ; and his own ever present dread was of being left alone, for fear of his back-sliding into that dark way from which he was now struggling to emerge—from that self-indulgence and sinful pleasure into which, in his weak and wild despair, a worthless woman had plunged him, but from which a worthy one might yet reclaim him, spite of the almost insane horror he now seemed to have of anything like love and beauty.

Alas! *that* man is very far from heaven who has lost all faith in woman ; when, as to Vivian, virtue herself seems no better than vice with a veil, for this was his sad case ; and it appeared to me to be as much my duty to give this repentant waif a home, as the little sprite, Susan, a "rise in her vittals."

And the bell tolled for Guy Dacre, but there was no other sound of sorrow for the miser's wretched death. He was not laid with his forefathers, his sordid dust did not mingle with his brave and knightly race, but still his death-knell sent a throb of sadness through my heart ; we sprung from the same nest—the same blood was in our veins ; he was gone, and I was the last of the Dacres, a lone woman upon earth !

Thus I stood musing from an upper window of Grove Cottage, in which was neither blind nor shutter. I saw poor Grantley's flowing robe pass out of the wicket-gate ; and then looked out upon the scene.

Ravendale is beautiful always, but it is more than lovely in the merry month of May. About a field or two distant rose a handsome mansion on the brow of a hill, by the soft flowing river with its silver tide ; its park was prettily broken up by picturesque lakes, and two sweet fountains flowing out from the rocks, which dashed their sparkling waters back into the sun.

Susan, I suppose, saw my unqualified ad-

miration, for she said, "If what's Guy's is your'n, mem, then that's your'n too; for that's Everley Honour, where Colonel Jocelyn lives; his wife was no better nor mother, her husband went mad, and stole her child; and arter all, he took the wrong 'un; and then he killed hisself just at the gate below the swan's lake, and 'tis called Glendinning's Gate. Well, only last Candlemas Miss Loraine she went broken-hearted and drowned herself dead, and were picked up by Glendinning's Gate ——"

The child chattered on without realizing the woe she was relating; indeed, she seemed to delight in the horror rather than not.

Then she called out, "Ah, here's Miss Greta; 'twas she were Glendinning's child, and not the one he stole."

I looked out, and there stepping lightly down the lawn from the Honour was my sweet young friend of the "Tally-ho." She crossed with a firm step over the stony brook, and then looked wistfully in at each successive window of the cottage row. I felt

all at once she was looking for me, and bowed to her as she passed. She smiled her tender smile up at me, and came into Grove Cottage.

I had been so bewildered, that when she kissed me, I said,—

“Miss Glendinning?” Her painful blush made me wish to bite my tongue out.

“Yes, Margaret Glendinning is rightly my name, but I am called Greta Jocelyn; then you do know about poor mama, and the sad tale of Everley Honour? Oh, judge her kindly; if she has sinned, she has sorrowed—she has buried her two little boys that alone could bear their father’s name, and her child, Loraine—my sweet sister—killed herself. Oh, it’s cruel—cruel—I cannot tell it—but if mama has sinned, oh, she has sorrowed ——”

Ah, I thought, as I looked on the tearful face, but not more than she, who had not sinned.

“And you,” she said, trying to smile, “then you are at Grove Cottage? You are the heir-at-law’s sister, then?”

“My dear child, *I* am the heir-at-law, and not the young soldier who is with me. He is on the road to Castle Vivian to take possession on his aunt’s death. He came home from India with us. My brother is dead; he was the Captain Hugh Dacre they take Mr. Vivian for.”

For the first time I said that dear name without a sob, determined to master myself, and to let Greta rouse me. If poor little Susan’s childlike sympathy had cheered me, how much more to me was this dear girl’s, with heart and head in it as well. Somehow I had perceived Vivian’s repulsion to her at the door of the Tally-ho, and hoped they would not meet; so of course they did.

He had returned from the funeral, and stood at the foot of the stairs. He raised his hat to her gracefully enough; but there was a something so doubting, so chilling in his glance, the girl burst into tears. He saw nothing but coquetry in this, and, opening the gate, let her pass out.

He put aside his hat-band and scarf; and

now I sat down with the *young* misogynist to look over the papers of the *old* one.

Strange it was, how the old man had treasured the old memories of the Heron Height. There were his old school sketches of the place, the ribbons that his mother wore at his only sister's wedding, his father's watch and seals, then small and costly pieces of old china, and elaborate pedigrees of his old race; but, in the descent, a black mark was drawn through every woman's name. One little morocco case touched me excessively. It contained the miniature of a boy with his own hair worked into the picture, cut straight across the forehead, flowing in long curls behind, *à la* Sandford and Merton. We had the companion to this in our own collection: it was the likeness of Guy's grandfather, Lupus Dacre, when a boy. Lupus had had been a terrible spender; bequeathed half the lands and all the extravagance to his eldest son, who completed the task his father began of bringing all things to the dogs; and so Guy, too, drifted away and was no more seen. It

would seem that in that cobweb hole there could be no romance about the man; and yet, carefully, in soft tissue paper, was a small oil painting of a very pretty woman. It was labelled thus: "My life's curse, my soul's blast.—Guy Dacre."

Vivian spied it first, with,—

"My God, Julia, what a likeness!"

And, strange to say, it did bear a marvellous resemblance to Marion Lisle. There were the same bright colouring; the sweet rose-bud lips; the gay, dare-devil, clear, blue, metallic eyes; and the sprightly, fairy-like form.

Poor Vivian, he looked again the desperate do-no-good of his old Indian days. He laughed fiercely.

"As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, always a fiend and man's destroyer. I tell you what, Julia; a fellow never can get over it let him try ever so hard: I can answer for that. I wish they all had but one neck, that I might hit their devilish heads off at one blow. Sometimes I feel quite off my own head, from very

rage and misery. A woman drove old Guy crazed, and a woman will craze me. As it was in the beginning," &c.

"Silence, Vivian, or else I shall think the devil will quote the Church Service, as well as Scripture. There is no similarity between you. There was evidently a craze in poor Guy's brain. Think of his strange after-life, his love of solitude, his miser's bent: now, you cling to your fellow-creatures; you love money's worth, if not money; you delight in parading yourself as a sour, ungracious cynic, but an ascetic you can never be. Guy pinched himself in every comfort, turned from every pleasure, while you are like the cavalier of the old song,—

" ' Charlie loves good ale and wine,
Charlie loves good brandy,
And again will love a pretty girl,
As sweet as sugar candy.' "

"And as false as she is sweet! Never! never!" he raved out. "What, I believe in their cursed full lips? I trust in their faithless melting eyes? I listen to their beguiling tones, which, like the sirens of

old, sing their adorers into the bottomless whirlpool? No, Julia. Birnam Wood shall come to Dunsinane before I let any woman creep up to my side again—at least, not to my left. She may derange my liver, for I sicken at the very thought of her, but she will never touch my heart. I've had enough of their cursed lies. I'll never believe in woman's love again. If I could but meet with one (for I do yearn to keep steady, Julia,—I have not forgotten poor Dacre's dying words), if I could but meet with one who would tell me plump and plain that she did *not* love me, her I would believe, and, so believing, would make her Mrs. Vivian."

CHAPTER X.

I TRIED to break up this very unedifying *séance*, but Vivian rattled on, looking past me up the river, his eye resting on Everley Honour. It seemed to me that the sight of the lovely girl who had been flung so strangely across our path had something to do with this upsetting. He felt that he had been untrue to his own gentle and loving nature, in his icy manner to her. She was a woman, and therefore worthless; had shed most touching tears, and was therefore designing; and yet, on the top of the "Tallyho," he had heard her mournful story. His conscience smote him: a bruised reed had he not broken? but all the more did his very self-upbraiding set his tongue on the faster.

"I hate 'em all, bad and good; the first

are labelled 'Poison;' those who are called good, are deadlier, and I hate them most, for one is less upon one's guard, and more likely to be snared; but I really ought to be ashamed of speaking thus to you. God bless you, I'm in no humour for a talk; I'm off to the 'Jolly Dogs.' "

"Not to-day, dear Grantley; not from the house of death! Come, do call up some philosophy. Because one man, poor Guy, was wrecked, why should another be? You think your passion a proof of strength; I call it one of lamentable weakness. Are you quite sure whether it is anger or affection that keeps the memory of Marion 'so green in your soul?' Is it not regret for your active life, this terrible sloth of your good abilities that still depresses you? Just now there is a great deal for you to do at Ravendale for me, and then make at once for Castle Vivian. Yours was a case of withdrawal, not dismissal. Let the page of your Indian career be torn out of your life's book, and the name of Marion Lisle from your heart's list."

“ Julia, forgive me ; sometimes I know not what I say.”

He turned to his portfolio, and began cutting his pencils furiously.

He was a most accomplished man, though of course a deep scholar would, as they say, soon “ sit upon ” the gifted soldier, and quite “ double him up ; ” but in general society, in the company of women, he acquitted himself admirably ; talked well, had widely read, and his high-bred courtesy always accorded to others that deference to which from his own position he was himself accustomed. He was a very handsome charming man.

Patty, shocking poor Tierça, said, he had the “ form of Apollo, with the face of Don Juan.”

Susan said, he could “ whistle like ten nightingales.”

Miss Bab liked him for a downright honest good fellow, and always called him “ Vi ; ” while the perfection of his military bearing, Miss Isabelle said, “ only a soldier’s daughter could thoroughly appreciate.”

He always gave Miss Isabelle his arm as

they passed out of the wicket gate to take her to their little dwelling not four doors away, and always kissed his hand as he said "Good night;" he thinking himself quite safe, as she was an old woman, while her heart gently fluttered, as it had done at eighteen.

All this delighted Miss Isabelle, for she said "it was not in woman not to mark the wide difference of his manner to Greta Jocelyn, who, after the most freezing bow, was allowed to walk back alone to Everley Honour." And this was true; and still I begged Miss Isabelle not to take his attention too seriously, while Bab grunted forth,—

"What Izzbull, you're never going to put yourself at any man's mercy again? You're a year and a day——"

"Bebborra," Miss Blantyre would say, "I know you like to be reminded to turn your tail down."

She turned down her tail with "Thanks, Izzbull." This was quite a diversion, so she did not go on with the other tale.

The miser's wealth was enormous; little Susan used to stand by me with,—

“That’s your’n, and them’en,” and so forth, till, like the Marquis of Carabas in the fairy story, I might have thought myself “monarch of all I surveyed.”

One day, I was opening an old lumber-room that looked out upon the forest, and beyond the sparkling Raven, on a hill to the right of the river, stood a newly-built house, in grey stone, with Elizabethan casements, and turreted roofs. Susan clapped her little hands with delight,—

“There, that’s your’n, that’s the Heron Height. Oh ! it’s no end of a place, quite a palax ; and to think old Guy were for ever a-praying as he might live till June, to go into it. He swore never a woman should cross its door-step, and you’re a woman, and now it’s your’n. It’s splendid ! Sixteen rooms, and six stalls in the stables ; and Mr. Pertun used to say, if ever old Guy plucked up heart to go there, he’d let the house and five stalls and live in the sixt.”

Then the child began upon her fingers,—

“There’s the Rookery, where the Fitz-Flushes live ; the Willows old Mac Weary

rents ; and Mrs. O'Drawl's at the Wilderness ; then there's Mr. Pertun at the Breezes, besides the 'Hop Pole,' and the 'Barley Mow,' the 'Wrestlers,' and the 'Jolly Dogs.' "

Thus Susan held forth, half-saucy, half-fond, rejoicing in my wealth, and sharing my sorrow ; for my thoughts often flew to Portsmouth, and my heart was in the soldier's grave. However, there was so much for me to do, I was obliged to rouse myself ; and as to Vivian, who seemed to have settled himself like a big Newfoundland dog at my doorway, no work could possibly have been more to his taste than that he found before him now. The bridge, which of course was Guy's, was to have its archways widened ; the river bank was to be changed ; and the chapel spire was a little out of the perpendicular. The chapel had been built by Guy, but he quarrelled with two of the elders, Messrs. Waxall and Wasper, about the windows, and then locked up the chapel, telling them that they must go to church, for it did not matter a bit to the devil, whether they prayed at

St. Cellon's or St. Zephunah's. Then Susan said,—

“ St. Zephunney's is your'n.”

Never was an old believer in the Divine Right and Church and State in such a blessed quandary ! A Baptist Chapel on my back ! I had no one to consult. That taper-turreted Vesper Prime I had no opinion of ; Dissent had a nasty taste in my mouth, and feeling this, how could I spread its nauseousness, and prop up its tower ? My kind friend, Bab Blanter, had not sufficient worldly knowledge to be a very cannie guide in this matter, from the very fact of her own local placing. Among the poor she was invaluable, and in families of her own class her influence was always judicious and friendly ; but our Ravendale Dissenters were in the class between these two, and these the pride of the poor ladies had unwittingly offended.

Miss Susannah Wasper, a sister of the elder, could not see that it was *because* the Miss Blantynes were so very, very poor, their keeping apart *from* the *second* class


was the very life of their existence amongst the *first*—they dared not take a cup of tea, or munch her muffins for the world. Mrs. Waxall did not understand that, though they could not get such a dinner once in twenty years as Waxall could give them every Sunday, they dared not dine at Waxall's; if they did, they would never again be asked to lunch at the O'Drawls', to tea at the MacWearys', nor yet to a garden party with no refreshments at Mrs. Fitz-Flash's.

So poor Bab was *hors de combat* as an adviser, and I could not refer to her.

I had as yet made few other acquaintances, and so relied on my own common sense and Vivian's good taste and social cleverness for doing my best; for Greta Jocelyn's sweet sympathy was but as a soft pillow to lay my weary head upon after my day's tiresome work was done. She could give me neither hint nor wrinkle; she knew nothing of the Dissenters; and to the great serious middle class, Colonel Jocelyn's pseudo-daughter seemed little better than a Magdalen.

And now the question came, was I to pull my purse-strings for or against Dissent? This is now fifteen years ago, when there was but the foreshadowing of that "washed-out Romanism," now styled the "Anglican Church," but even then our homes were being invaded; girls were being abducted from the fathers who gave them birth, to the fathers who gave them absolution; and the soft confessions which ought to have been poured into a mother's tender ear alone, were first committed to a spiritual director. To what a height the evil has now spread London and Brighton best can tell; already were celibacy and asceticism being preached; the genial hearths of home, fair and free, with their ringing sounds of love, were to be abjured for the solitary cell. The young, especially girls, are most surely awed by arrogance and assumption, and the army of martyrs is yearly increasing.

In fact, Dr. Ritus, of St. Cella's, and Vesper Prime, of All Bells, were the very spurs that urged me on to the completion of the Baptist Chapel. There might be



much that was ferocious, rabid, and violent in their politics, but the daily life of some thousands of the most respectable homes in Ravendale had its impress for good on all around, in bright contrast to the dandling Mummers and time-killers that from sunrise to midnight seemed to be cutting capers at St. Cellon's and All Bells.

The schools, both of the Baptists and Independents, were of first-class vigour and excellence; their charities, numerous, and well carried out. I felt they must not be scattered and forsaken, if I wished to do my duty; for by them "the hungry were fed, the naked were clothed, and the poor had the Gospel preached unto them."

So it was decided that Vivian, who was so desirous of keeping himself straight, was to keep the spire straight as well, and to take the holy orders from Messrs. Wasper and Waxall. Here his masterly pencil was of great avail, his plans uniting taste, comfort, and economy; for the elders were great men, too, upon the archways and embankment questions. They were delighted with

Mr. Vivian. He had seen the world; he came among them as a gentleman. He had none of the local strifes or envyings. Mine was a long purse, and I felt that the princely fortune made in Ravendale should, in part, be spent upon it.

So now, with all these upon his hands, there was less time for regrets or useless murmurings. Besides all this, he had to overlook the completion of the Heron Height. It was fine summer weather, too, and he

“Suffer’d himself to be admired;”

and flirted with Patty Pertun, saying, at the same time,—

“I’m not afraid of being nabbed, Julia; for if there is anything to me more horrible than another, it is what is called a lively, animated girl.”

I was sorry for her, unfeeling and coarse as I had found her; for if there was one particle of truth or tenderness in her nature, it was bestowed on her ungrateful Juan.

Poor Patty! it was sad for her to think he felt no danger. He was as frightful a

hater of woman as ever. Patty did but seem to him as a little chimpanzee, and he had no dread of her.

As for Tierça, he did but regard her as an untidy, ungroomed, unstrapped-up thing, that, if he had still been in the Artillery and she in his battery, he would have ordered to quarters as unfit for parade.

But was the old beat at his heart again? Did he fear a woman's glance once more? Or why did he always turn away in horror from Glendinning's child?

CHAPTER XI.

THE Heron Height, the name of his father's time-honoured home, was the one Guy gave to his new-built house. It was an exact replica of the old place—every mullion, every porch, every arch, the same. It was here the miser prayed to die—though, alas! his prayer was not granted. Here he had re-collected many scattered, dust-covered penates. I never shall forget my first visit there with Vivian and poor little Susan, who would hang herself on to us.

She was a comely, soft-spoken, childish thing; and Vivian spoiled her frightfully. So she walked up to show us it. She said:—

“Old Guy had locked up the books and pictures in a garret at the top.”

“Well,” said Vivian, “send for some steps, and I’ll fetch them down, Julia.”

Poor old Guy Dacre! For the first time I felt a wish to have met him, and claimed kith and kin; his darkened sordid life at Ravendale had never really filled his heart. He had spent many a pound of his loved hoards in gathering together the relics of the Heron Height that Lupus Dacre had scattered broadcast over the land.

We found boxes and boxes of his grandfather’s books with the Heron crest upon them—books with those old dark brown satin-looking covers and their narrow silk markers. Shakespeare, Spenser, Shenstone, Swift, *Spectators*, *Ramblers*, *Annual Registers*, and *Gentleman’s Magazines*—gentlemen’s books were they indeed; black of print and wide of margin, not the cheap get-up of now-a-days, but books of such a cost that none but the wealthy bought them.

Then there were big books on heraldry with the old-world plates of Charles the Second’s reign; then coëval, a “Hudibras,” in its quaint black-letter, a “Complete Angler,”

and many others—all of the olden time ; but the last old Guy had dipped into was the superb edition of “ Cicero,” an Oxford University, 1783. Poor old man, he had left his marker in “ De Senectute,” but naught can teach a miser wisdom ; there is but one man more insane, and that is the reckless spend-thrift.

Then for the pictures—here they were, judges, divines, squires, all Cavaliers, not a Roundhead amongst them ; perhaps it was fancy, and yet in some of their faces, I could trace both my father and my brother. Oh, what a joy I felt in having some surroundings of the past ; it is always a low nature that forgets it ; there is no quiet, proud man but feels happier from the consciousness that old blood runs through his veins.

“ But the women’s portraits, Grantley ; where are they ? ”

“ Where they ought to be, Julia ; at the bottom of the sea, I hope.”

Little Susan called out,—

“ Then I dare say that that’s where they be, old Guy did hate ’em so, Mr. Grantley.”

"Serve 'em right, Susan."

"And you hate 'em too, Mr. Grantley? But if they be anywhere, it's up under that tarpauling there, in the dust."

I was heavy, and could not mount; of course, Susan went to "do" for him, and calling down to me, she said,—

"Here they be, mem; Mr. Vi. has found the gels under the dust, where old Guy laid 'em."

Many of these were the pretty little oval-shape portraits of the last century—fair, simpering, and silly; in dresses low, but still modestly covering the back, and square-bosomed, with the inevitable white rose in the front; there was one bright gay face, a full-length of the miniature that bore the strange resemblance to Marion Lisle. This, no doubt, had been some "cousin Amy, mine no more," as poor Guy might say. On the back of this was, in his own handwriting, my own name, "Julia Dacre married Walter Maynard, the fourth of June, seventeen hundred and ninety." There was nothing more;

but those two lines gave me the whole record of his blasted life.

“ Well,” said Vivian, “ here’s work for me, I will get some mastic varnish, and brighten up all the old fellows.”

“ And the women, Vivian ? ”

“ Well, I don’t mind touching them up, too.”

“ They’re all yourn, mem, all yourn,” cried little Susan, with that happy clap of her hands.

I had thought of giving Colonel Jocelyn notice, and living at Everley Honour ; but now I determined when I left Grove Cottage to live at the Heron Height.

It was wisest, however, to let the hot suns of July and August harden the new brick-work. I shuddered at a useless move. I should not like to get in, and have to leave it again. Three removes are as bad as a fire, and (barring the panic) the havoc and ruin seem as much. Still I did not see that from June to October we must live in muddle and discomfort, because we could not get into the new house till November.

Now Grove Cottage, as poor Guy lived in it, might be said to consist of counting-house, pantry, his own midnight cell, and Susan's tiny mouse-hole, the four rooms on the ground floor. It had but two stories, but the waste and wealth of room shaded and cumbered with cobweb and dust, would have astonished a Londoner; indeed, I could have put three houses of a Southsea Terrace into my humble home in Ivy Lane.

There were two large rooms on the second floor which looked over the winding river on to the park of Everley Honour. Vivian came in with his favourite five-foot rule. "Why, this is twenty-four by twenty-eight: it will make a beautiful sitting-room. I'll have the portraits ready in no time from the Heron Height. I must put in my house-warming gift, one of Hopkinson's pianos,—I like his the best. Now let us see the other room; twenty-four by twenty-four, quite square, no cross windows, and the light from a good height. I must paint here, if you will let me, and here we will dine." So it was decided.

To match these, looking into Ivy Lane, were two equally well-proportioned rooms, which would make excellent bed-chambers; so that even if I did not get into the Heron Height till after Christmas I should be extremely comfortable at Grove Cottage. I wished to give some handsome orders in the town, knowing that local influence for good is best gained by liberal expenditure. As the cottage accommodation was so ample, I could have in at once furniture that would also suit the large rooms of the Heron Height, and it was all to be ordered in the town of Ravendale.

Never for half a century had there been such a routing as that of the miser's den, Grove Cottage! Poor Guy, a woman had come—

“Though he had sworn the sacred sod
Should ne'er by woman's foot be trod.”

Susan was in her glory, racing up and down, clapping her little hands together. “A rise in her vittals, a whole suit of black,

and half-a-crownd a week." She quite looked down on Daft Sandy, the shoeboy, and Dull Dorcas, the housemaid. Luckily for us, she did dread the cook, who said, "she did not know her place," and so kept her in it. Vivian spoiled her shockingly. However, she was yet but a child, and some day, soon, he must be going. I meant to train her as a respectable servant, though I would make no special *protégée* of her to raise enemies at home, for the Scapegraces were a very large family. The little sprite seemed ubiquitous—up-stairs and down-stairs, and in the painter's chamber. One day I was very angry, for, coming up behind the easels, I heard,—

"I say, Susan, wash my palette."

"I have washed it, Mr. Grantley."

"Ay, washed, but not wiped it. What were you saying, Susan?" said he, mixing his colours.

"I was a-saying how I likes the Sunday School now; iss, indeed, they be so good-natured to what they was used to be. You

remember the Illuminated Cross you done for me for my new Church Service? Well, Miss Tierça, she cries to Miss Patty,—

“ ‘Oh! we shall have him at All Bells yet. None but an Anglican could paint that cross. It’s inspired, Patty; it’s inspired!’ ”

“ ‘Tut, tut, Tierça. When did you ever see him within sound of All Bells? My bright Apollo, my darling Juan!’ ”

“ ‘That’s what she called you, Mr. Vi. ‘Iss, indeed,’ I says.

“ ‘ ‘Tisn’t in spires, ’tis in iles.’ Then instead of calling out sharp as she used to do, ‘To your seat, Scapegrace; to your seat;’ she says, says she,—

“ ‘Susan, dear, how is poor Miss Dacre now? and how does Mr. Vivian pass his time?’ ”

“ ‘Making these beautiful crosses?’ ”

“ ‘I’m sure he doesn’t, Tierça.’ ”

“ ‘No more he don’t, Miss Patty. From what I can make out when I’m up at the easels doing for him, ’tis a woman’s head he is a-droring, and I think ’tis your own pretty head, Miss Patty, that he is a-droring of.

Then he keeps a-looking at you every way. First you're a girl a-dipping, and nothing on your neck. I think it's you a-getting up; but he calls it 'Venus rising from the Sea.' Next, he has got you as Britannia, with a fireman's hat upon your head. Next, you be what he calls 'La Puzzle,' Joan of Arc by name; then you be a girl in soldier's clothes handing the drink about, and that he calls 'La Vivandy.' Iss, indeed, Mr. Vi.

"Then Miss Patty hums to herself

" 'Bonnie laddie, soldier laddie.' "

" 'A love-song!' cries Tierça. 'Oh! fie! Patty, fie! singing that on Sunday.'

" 'Well, pray, and what harm? Papa says if I want to sing hymns, I stop at St. Mary's; but if I want a good love-song, I go to All Bells.

" 'He took me on his shoulder,
And made my love grow bolder.'

" 'Isn't that a love-song?'

"Very wicked of old Mr. Pertun, ain't it, Mr. Grantley? Then Miss Patty, she says:—

“ ‘ Susan, are you sure it is me ? ’

“ ‘ I’m sure it isn’t,’ says poor Miss Prime, speaking very thick.

“ ‘ Well,’ says I ; ‘ if it isn’t I don’t know who it is. ’Tisn’t missus, that’s certain sure ; nor Dull Dorcas, nor Miss Blantyre, nor Miss Bab ; and it can’t be Miss Greta. He hates Miss Greta—iss, indeed. Always gringes his teeth as he looks towards Everley Honour, crying out : “ Once bit, twice shy.” And if he but catches sight of her, he cuts through the garden-door with his coat-tails flying ; but in course, Miss Patty, she is not a lady like you. Her mother is no better nor mother ; she was poor Glendinning’s child.’ ”

Here I came up and sent off little Sauce-box, he laughing out,—

“ To your quarters, Scapegrace.”

“ Now, Vivian, let me see those heads that the little minx has been parading to Patty.”

He brought them out.

“ First the Venus. Only studies, Julia ; studies of Miss Jocelyn’s head.”

It was sweetly done in water-colours, with

tints of sunrise on the spray. The goddess did not look like a dripping girl half-ashamed of herself, as she is so often made to do. No; only the beautiful bust appeared above the sea. The soft, full arm was on the waters, and the hand cleft the foam; the other arm unveiled the neck and face, as it held back the weight of hair which fell upon the ripple. The lips seemed closed in coquetry, as though they would not kiss the wave; while the deep blue eyes looked through the heaven that was in them to that which was above, reflecting the sunrise, when

“The rosy morn appearing
Paints with gold the verdant lawn.”

Poor Grantley! It might have been called Love's Masterpiece, only that the artist had foresworn such folly. It was, to the life, the banned girl of Everley Honour.

Then he showed me “Britannia;” but no, the Hebe face did not look in place beneath the helmet; and the figure, though lofty, was too flexile for the strain of the fixed posture.

Vivian acknowledged the failure, and continued :—

“As to ‘La Pucelle,’ that’s a dead failure too; deadlier than ‘Britannia.’ One could drill a short woman, Julia—strap her up, and make her buckle to her trappings; but to put armour on Miss Jocelyn is like tying up moss roses, when the flowers are so much more lovely free. The ‘Vivandière’ is better. I am quite satisfied with the face, though I have only once seen her look as gay and bright as that; still I have caught the merry look, the loving smile, but the figure does not please me. The frisk and fling of the Daughter of the Regiment does not sit well on Gre—Miss Jocelyn.”

“Certainly not: it is the Venus I like.”

“Ah! like every woman, you think the naughty one the best.”

A light step was approaching us from behind the easel, which we did not hear, as he was tying up his small portfolio; and, to introduce herself, Greta said :—

“May I see, Mr. Vivian?”

“Only a woman’s head,” he cried,

snatching it from her. "Only a woman's head;" and, with his usual marked avoidance of her, he turned savagely away. Still, angry with himself for his roughness, he paused, as though he would return. The poor girl said,—

"Oh, Julia! is it because of poor Mamma Mr. Vivian is so shy of me?"

But I knew that he had heard; for when he started for the "Jolly Dogs," and he was bidding me good night, he said,—

"Julia, I wish, to-morrow, you would let me walk with you to the Honour."

And we started together, he looking extremely well. In the first days of his gloom and despondency, when—alas! indeed, he had been "going to the bad"—he had slouched into neglect; but the ruling passion for neatness and order soon prevailed when he was among his own again, and it was stronger in him than ever. Still, excepting on the occasion of deep sorrow, when he had appeared in public at Portsmouth for me, and when again at Ravendale he represented the Dacre family, I had never seen him but

in his light shooting-coat, now he had got himself up as if any Lady Vere de Vere were waiting to receive him. This was just characteristic of the man : he was going to give honour, not "where honour was due," but where it was neither due nor expected, and therefore it should be more marked and considerate ; he had unwittingly opened a sore place in a bleeding heart, and was going to heal it by this undelayed attention.

Mrs. Jocelyn was in the drawing-room, and the Colonel with her ; I had not seen her, for she seldom left her home. He said,—

"My dear, let me introduce you to Miss Dacre."

Then Grantley approached, and with eyes turned up beseechingly, tearfully, tremblingly, her voice scarcely under control from her strong emotions, Greta said,—

"Mr. Vivian, my mother."

But she looked,—

"Scorn her not, judge her kindly : mercy ! oh, mercy !"

He turned towards the girl with a look of rapture ; but the glance was gone in one

moment as he walked away. He never again addressed her, but made himself generally delightful and agreeable. It was now holiday time, and the boys were home, and at their drawings: he took his meteor pencil and gave them many a happy touch; the four pretty little girls played round him, for he was one that children loved. These were born after the marriage—but their legitimate brothers, where are they? Ah, sorrow is the child of Sin, for—

“They are dead, those two are dead,”

that could have carried down the name!

There was one large painting in oils of the two sisters, Greta and Loraine. They were standing together at the porch—Loraine in the sunshine, Greta a little beyond her in the shade. They were alike, the two half-sisters—alike in their noble growth, in the choice *svelte* form—alike, too, in the deep, loving, earnest eyes of blue; but it was easy to see that Loraine had the Lansfeldt, Greta the peasant blood, by the pride in the closed lips, the hauteur of the raised profile.

The sisters had the same rich chestnut hair, the same soft, sweet, maiden blush, always healthy, never high in complexion. Still it was Greta charmed you most, so bonnie, so winsome; in the picture there was not that look of sensitive foreboding that now so often clouded her brow. Before her two crushing sorrows came, she looked as blythe as the "Allegra" of the poet's song.

Alas! again for the erring mother. I said Loraine stood in the sunshine; there was no Loraine, and there was no sunshine at Everley now! It was easy to see of the two girls which would bend and which would break before the blast.

"The timid dove may brook the cage,
The prison'd eagle dies for rage."

We crossed the park at Everley. He gave me his arm; we were both sad—each thinking of the unhappy woman whose sinful story had now for nearly twenty years filled the country side. I thanked him very much.

"Julia, what would I not do for you? Suppose, as I am in full fig, we just drop some

other cards, on Dr. Ritus, the Primes, and the Pertuns; Miss Bab and the soldier's daughter, they are sure to be out—Ritus and Prime at Evensong, and the Pertuns are off to the cattle-show, to see 'Par's beasts take prizes,' Patty says; and Bab and the soldier's daughter are sitting after dinner with their tails turned up to save their dresses, and though Bab's knitting and Isabelle netting, old Mrs. Fibber will say 'they are out.' "

And we found them all out, and returned to the cottage.

We were sitting that evening in the painting-room—I sorting some of poor Guy's papers, and he sitting at the easels. Susan had asked leave to go out "viletting;" now viletting, with Susan, meant gossiping; she had put the painting-room in order, or as she phrased it, "washed up Mr. Grantley."

He turned to me.

"Julia, let me show you this, then I'll tear 'em all up. It's a sketch of her, bad luck to her, that precious young hum you are

so fond of. I caught her just as she seemed to be asking mercy for her mother—first-rate acting it was. Here she is—oh, she is beautiful, confound her! the soft ensnaring thing that gets into the crevices of a man's heart and fills 'em before he can turn round. No woman shall ever get into mine again, to smile an angel smile to win you, and then laugh her devil's laugh when you are won. Well, look at her—I think it is as great a success as the Venus—I have called it the disconsolate 'Peri at the Gate of Heaven,' from Lalla Rookh. Now mind, the mother is the tall draped figure in shadow, and I, the Gate of Heaven; the Peri is saying, ' 'Tis sweet to let the pardoned in.' She is a little bit too big for a Peri, but that's her fault not mine. I like the figure, it's lissum and rounded, just formed for an artist, and then there's no tying up moss roses. Here, give me your opinion, then I'll set 'em all on fire,—fire of hell for what I care."

I looked, it had the face of the Venus, more chastened and sorrowful, but not less lovesome—it had as much power and play;

again he had worked *con amore*—never before had he had such a model. He got out the little portfolio, and took out the others.

“Well,” he said, “I’ll keep the Venus to show what I can do, and I can’t part with the Vivandière, but Britannia is a frump, and little Joan a fright. Will you accept them?”

“Thank you for giving me the frump and the fright; but though they are not successes, they are very pretty pictures for ‘a’ that.’ Let us mount and frame them, Grantley, and then you present them to our two good neighbours; they’ll be something superb in Mrs. Fibber’s dark parlour.

“Capital, Julia, and you shall tell Miss Bab that I have drawn Britannia for her, because she is such a good patriot, and the little warrior maid shall be for the soldier’s daughter. Yes, they both shall be hung in Mrs. Fibber’s dark parlour.”

Then he put his Peri with his Vivandière and Venus, and locked them up carefully in his desk.

"She is a bird from a bad nest anyhow ; come, even you don't deny that ?"

"Poor child, she does come from a bad nest, that's true ; but she is not of soiled plumage, though a bird of a broken wing."

"Tut, tut, such a piece of acting when she brought her mother to me ! No, no, Julia, she is a hum ; or, to be more polite, as Gallus writes of Dionysia—

"All her tricks are winning ones,
All her cunning is to charm,—"

her place is false, her whole life a deception ; she is called Greta Jocelyn, though she is Glendinning's child, and so her very name is a lie."

Bird from a bad nest, true she was ; yet I but placed my wounded dove all the warmer in my breast. Could I but love her when her lips so sweetly pressed me, here in the land of strangers on that desolate night ? For she was the only one that gave a care to an elderly and lonely woman, when every other eye was gazing (as they thought) on the young and handsome Heir-at-law.

CHAPTER XII.

MAN had not betrayed, deceived, deserted me as woman had poor Vivian. I was very rich, and my "sole reward was too much love." I was very bothered. I named the immortal trio before—Murphy, Mac, and Annesley. I had nothing to complain of: their "intentions" were "honourable"—meaning matrimony. They admitted of no delay, showed no delicacy, called on my birthday the 25th of June, the day after quarter-day, when old Guy's rents were paid. Murphy and MacLeary looked at Vivian as though

"They'd delight to bark and bite."

Murphy lamenting between his teeth that the "Jintlemen had given over qualling;

bad luck to to them, or he'd run that soldier feller through the hea'rrt."

Mac was very mean for the blood "rorl;" for he hinted the scandal of the Scotch song, saying, "I suppose

"It is some cousin Mackintosh
A' frae the north countrie."

The elegant Annesley behaved the best. He was the most desperately poor of the lot, and thought if he could not negotiate matrimony he might a loan; for might I not have the same love of lucre as old Guy, and take to money-lending? I ought not to have been so highly offended with him as I was; for surely old Guy Decker, the Ravendale miser, had introduced an immense deal of shoddy into the Dacre coat of arms!

They told their loves without delay. So sharp-set they were, we had not even had time to get the furniture into the drawing-room, so they were shown into the counting-house. Perhaps it was as well, for their hearts were with their treasure. They went away. Annesley took the benefit

of the act soon after taking leave, Mac sent no more of the blood "rorl," and Murphy told no more Irish beggars.

The Heron Height was going on delightfully. Grantley was there all day long, when not engaged in the town with Wasper and Waxall about the chapel and the bridge. I don't think he was ever prouder of any laurels than those his plans for the school-buildings won for him, when I had one or two letters come to me asking the name and address of my architect, and the corporation of a neighbouring town wished to have his plan for their market-hall. At Pembroke Dock they had heard of him; there were some works on hand, and Wasper took him down for the satisfaction of a friend. One morning, after his return to Ravendale, we were sitting together in the counting-house, the long narrow room at the front door. There was a capital old-fashioned mirror which showed the whole room. Vivian always had to bend beneath the beams which supported the ceiling; for he was very tall. He did not rise oftener than he

could help, and thus got into a lazy, lounging way of sitting in the easy-chair before the fireplace; so that when our two neighbours, who were often in and out, used to come into the room, he did but put his hand out over the back of his chair to receive them. He used to say he "knew the soft hand of the soldier's daughter without seeing who entered the room."

The truth was, that Miss Blantyre wore glossy kid, old Bab scruffy cotton gloves. Bab's step was like

"The sound of a coming foe ;"

while, as to Isabelle,—

"Old Guy's carpet raised its head
Elastic from her fairy tread."

So was he sitting on the day I named, after his return from Pembroke.

"Julia," he said, "I have heart for nothing. Even now, I think that I should cut my throat, or drown myself, or else go down like the devil to the bad if I met Marion Lisle."

I rose, and at the door met Greta.

“Drown yourself? Oh, for God’s sake, Mr. Vivian, recall those dreadful words; think of my sweet sister, how love leads to madness, and madness to crime. There is nothing that is given us that we shall not be enabled to bear if we but pray for strength; my own heart is in the grave; but that story is long to tell, and vain to hear. In those dark days, there was a time when, all unchastened, unresigned, I too rebelled; my heart was in the grave, but my duties were on earth, to those loving ones still left me. The tale of the countryside is the sad tale of Everley Honour; my own father was a broken soldier——”

He started. She went on :

“He shot himself just by the Swan Lake, where Loraine—Oh, spare me, Mr. Vivian, I am only opening on this subject to prove that God will give you strength if you will but pray for it. He will lead you from darkness into light. Rouse yourself. Fling away this fatal memory which can but enfeeble you for the exertions you ought to be making at your age. All around are talking

of your great abilities. Oh, there is blue in your life's sky yet; and with a fond and happy wife you will forget Marion Lisle. You are rich, and ought to reside on your estates; gifted, and might be a leading statesman; and, oh remember the God who gave you all, your talents should not be wrapped up in a napkin, they ought to be set forth to His glory. Your health and wealth should be used in forwarding the welfare of His creatures. You have a kind heart, Mr. Vivian, or Julia would not love you so. You have no need to be reminded that the poor we have with us alway, and 'he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.' "

He did not face her, for there was no need, but he looked hard into the mirror, and read her through and through; as all unmindful of everything but her mission. She went on. He had called her a coquette, yet here she sat, preaching and teaching as though he were the slowest old buffer in life, instead of the pride of Ramsay's battery, the pet of fair women, the envied of brave men. Who, till now, had dared so to tackle him?

“ And excuse me, Mr. Vivian, it is heartless in the extreme to play with a girl’s affections by such expressions of attachment as you are making to Patty Pertun. I do not often meet her, but she is very unhappy, and seems as if she must talk to me. I cannot refuse to guide and sympathize with her, for I know if we had had Julia here, Loraine would not have died; and as I am so much here with you both at Grove Cottage, poor Patty thinks that as I am Miss Dacre’s friend, I may have some influence over you. If you mean anything to her, Mr. Vivian, write to her at once, not long farragos of paltry trash to turn her brain, but an honest offer of your hand and heart; don’t dangle after her any more, for her to feel all the more your loss when you are gone; you should not be making love to her ——”

“ Making love, Miss Jocelyn, what can you mean? I make love to a Chimpanzee! I squeeze my hand in a monkey’s claw!”

“ All the more shame for you, then, when she loves you as her life!”

Vivian looked fiercely into the fireplace,

and then to the mirror—there she sat with her earnest face appealing to him—her plaintive voice reproving him. He was piqued, for he saw that she felt quite as much at home with him, as she would have done with fat Father Ritus, or thin Vesper Prime, each, over sixty—both, painfully plain.

He was angry with her all the more, for he felt, “confound it,” that though the man might hate the woman, the artist loved the Beautiful. However he replied.

“Miss Jocelyn, far be it from me, as school-boys say, ‘to kiss and tell,’ but you are speaking in parables about my love for Patty Pertun. You can’t help tumbling over the stones that are set in your pathway—now, can you? If I go down to Miss Dacre’s embankment to see after the men, Patty is there; she knows I never go to ‘All Bells,’ and so never walks that way; but whenever I come out of the ‘Jolly Dogs,’ where I am, as you know, now lodging, she is on the doorstep. If I take my meerschaum down Ivy Lane, she is always on before; if I go

down Willow Walk she comes trotting after ; worse than that, she took to sketching from nature the very day I began laying out the gardens at the Heron Height ; what can a poor man do ? Late, last night, at the Swan Lake ——”

Here a look of such cruel anguish came over her, he left the forbidden ground. She said,—

“Forgive me, I thought I ought to speak ; but you are a young man, Mr. Vivian, oh, never say those bitter words, that you are going to the bad.”

There was the well-known sound of old Bab’s tramp, and Vivian rose to meet her. She smiled.

“Shall I finish your sermon for you, Greta ? You are a tall man, Mr. Vivian, don’t knock your head against the beam ; you are handsome, Mr. Vivian, don’t be a naughty boy.”

Greta with her provoking calm said quietly,—

“I know you will forgive ? ”

“What, for warning me against a Chim-

panzee? Certainly, Miss Jocelyn," he replied savagely.

She, as provoking as ever, went on,—

"For Julia's sake we will be friends, for we both love *her*." She got up and put her hand in his. He left them.

"Colder than ice, the touch he gave,
Yet felt the while that woman's slave."

That night I remember his saying to me,—

"Julia, that confounded girl wants to come the 'Dinah' in 'Adam Bede' over me, as if I was a carying old 'Methody' like 'Lisbeth, in a black silk bonnet, trying to steady me—faugh, I marry!—the devil."

"No, don't marry the devil; resist her, and don't abuse her; and, as Susan would say, don't keep for everlasting a-droving of her."

"Mere studies, Julia, who else can I draw? I have no black in my colour-box black enough for Miss Issabelle's bandoline—no yellow ochre for Patty's poodle curls, and as to poor Tierça, sepia could not conceal her dustiness—even Rosa Bonheur

would turn away disheartened at what a hunter would call her greasy heels."

But to return to the girls he left behind him, old and young.

"Mr. Vivian is a strange, strange man, Miss Bab. I hope I did not offend him, but I'm afraid he is sadly misleading Patty, writing to her as he does."

"Well, I must say you are an angel, Greta, for there is no insult that these Pertuns have not piled upon you."

"We must forgive, my dear Miss Bab."

"Well, I suppose we must, my dear, being Christians, though I must say it is the very hardest thing we Christians find to do."

"I can't keep away from Julia, you see; my dear Miss Bab, excepting yourself, who have I to speak to? The Pertuns, Primes, Fitz-Flashes, and the rest often pass me by when papa is not with me, and you know how they turn from poor mamma; and when I am at Lansfeldt, though Miss Jocelyn and the dear old lord are so good, I feel the sorrowful eyesore I must be to them when they think of the blight of papa's whole life that

my poor mother brought. I know it is in Miss Blantyre to be as kind as you are, but as she says, 'It is not so much matter who old people know.' "

"Why, Greta, Izzbull is a year and a day—Well, never mind, child, and as Vi is gone, excuse me turning up my tail—the sun scorches as much as the fire burns; in fact this sultry weather I'd as lief go about with my old rip, only Miss Daggie gave us the silks as mourning for Guy—this was eight shillings a yard, three quarter width, and such a beauty, jet black, and soft levantine. Izzbull chose glacé, being, she said, a 'younger' silk, only six shillings. What folly, while mine is everlasting wear, as good as my old rip. Why, will you believe it, Greta, I went with my old rip to the Anti-Corn Law League Bazaar ten years ago."

"Never, surely, Miss Bab? but this is a beautiful silk." And Miss Bab turned up her silk attire, and the two talked on. She was happy, for the petticoat would not scorch.

"Tell me truly, Miss Bab, do you think

my coming here drives Mr. Vivian away? if so ——”

“Well, Greta, child, and isn’t it *his* place to turn out of the house, if it is too hot to hold him? not yours; and a thunderstorm coming. Why the pair that tell the weather have better manners than that, man being out in foul, woman in fair: *you* can’t go to the ‘Jolly Dogs,’ and *he* can.”

“Then I won’t come, if it is to drive him to the ‘Jolly Dogs;’ I think it must be poor mamma, and he is very proud.”

“Then let the peacock strut. I never was at any man’s mercy, and don’t you be, Greta. But mind, I like Vi; Julia speaks of him in the highest terms; it seems he had a disappointment in India—it well nigh drove him mad; I am afraid he went a bit wild, and was going to the bad—that vile Vi——”

“Oh, God forbid!” the girl exclaimed. “God forbid that Mr. Vivian should be going to the bad.”

“God forbid he should, Miss Jocelyn, so you see he has come back to you,” cried

Grantley, who had rushed in from the storm. But when the rain was over, and the ladies rose to go, he gave his arm to Miss Bab, and let the girl walk alone to the Honour.

The young folks were a perfect puzzle to me. I could not say with the happy tenor, when he tumbled from the coachtop,—

“Thank God my G’s are right.”

For my two G’s, Grantley and Greta, were all wrong. He seemed to shun her presence as though a deadly pest clung to her ; while she, dear soul, so clung to me that I could not avoid their meeting. It seemed to me inexplicable that he, so kind-hearted a man, did not feel more for the desolate girl. The more so, as she seemed to take her place beside him as an elder sister might, alternately exhorting and entreating, or what he called “coming the Methody” over him ; however there was no flirtation between them, and I thought him very foolish in being so much with Patty. I thought much better of him than poor Greta, who always seemed to have something she wished to say about them and would not. One day I

remonstrated with him, and he in jest replied,—


“Tell this godly little Dinah, that *this* Hetty is in no danger from me. Never fear, though she runs after me just as the hounds follow the huntsman with aniseed on his boots.”

I knew what Grantley said was true, and I had to blush for one who could not blush for herself.

Alas for Greta! Sad was the crushing weight of sorrow upon her young life. The shadow, too, of sin was there; and she, the chief offender who had cast it, was her own mother. “Honour thy father and mother,” &c., and this is the first commandment with promise. Is it at times so difficult thus to do, that this, of all others, needs the promise: “That thy days may be long in the land?” It was a compassion dashed with bitterness; a pleading tenderness she felt for her mother. Vivian described it best when he sketched her as the Peri asking pardon—not for herself, but for another.

She was devoted to Colonel Jocelyn, and

used to say, Irish fashion : “He loves me best of all his children.” Kind to her as they were at Lansfeldt, the cowering girl felt that she had no place there, bearing their very name to which she had no right. We could not blame respectable and careful mothers for shunning the Honour; and though now for many years the marriage had been solemnized, and she must one day be Lady Lansfeldt, the Colonel made no effort to force his wife upon the county, nor even upon Ravendale. When her sister was alive, the high birth of her father had made way for the girls where the mother could not go, and they visited a good deal at Lansfeldt, and there they met the two young men who had so influenced their destiny. Then came sin’s “terrible wages :” the death of the only legitimate sons, and the suicide of Loraine.



CHAPTER XIII.

GRETA, however, was so rich in youth and health, that physically she had not succumbed; and she had still so much light-hearted merriment left, that Vivian, always suspicious, did not believe in her genuineness; nor that such gushing gladness could co-exist with the cast down, foreboding, sensitive nature that made her sham life such a cruel torture to her also. The great fault this had led to, was a sort of gentle jealousy, which might have been latent in a life of prosperity, but which often peeped out, as cruel women turned from, coarse men presumed upon her, and would sneer at "Jocelyn's daughter," who was but the colour-sergeant's child. She was a lily of purity, yet was shunned as the deadly night-

shade. Alas, poor Greta! It was not on the guilty the Tower of Siloam fell! Colonel Jocelyn saw little or nothing of this. Patty was but an epitome of all the world. The Hon. Colonel Jocelyn was Master of the Hounds, Colonel of Militia, Lord Lieutenant of the County, first and foremost in every public meeting, social or scientific, agricultural and archæological, could "introduce Par's daughter at the County Balls, Par's beasts at the Cattle Show." Moreover he was Lord Lansfeldt's son, and might in days to come awkwardly remember any slight at Ravendale.

The sad close to her first fond love for De Grey had left a heavy cloud upon her, through his weakness in yielding to the dying wish of his selfish mother. Still there was a bright and happy comfort in his brave and dauntless death. Through long long months she was near to trace his downward course. With sad forebodings of evil, she read his start for the Crimea. She read of the court-martial, and her cup was full. But there was a God above her; her girl's idol

was spared to redeem the past. He did not go to his grave,—

“Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.”

He slept where the brave sleep who fell in that charge of dash and glory—the charge of Balaclava!

And Greta would sit by me in the gloaming, and talk by the hour of De Grey, saying,—


“All such love is now still for ever; only, dear Julia, I would marry to-morrow, but not a man who loves me. I could not wrong him by giving him only affection and gratitude in return—not affection, I should rather say friendship; for I could give no more. But when Lord Lansfeldt dies, Julia, where am I? Mamma is Lady Lansfeldt, my sisters, the Hon. Misses Jocelyn, and the poor boys have wisely been taught that they will have neither part nor lot in the rank that is coming. Oh, I cannot go to Lansfeldt,”—here she would cry bitterly—“I feel like a whited wall, a painted sepulchre; and I dare not protest against it—it would

so grieve papa, the dear, indulgent, tender friend of nearly twenty years. Oh, I would marry to-morrow, to have an honest right to an honest name; but feeling as I do, I could not swear a lie—I could not give to another the heart that is still De Grey's."

And she really did seem to me to have made up her mind to a life of loneliness, and she was one that could bear it; from her youth up she had been given to all good works, and though it was a laugh against her that her only converts were young men, still she strove with a word in season to uphold and benefit all. Her voice did bring "glad tidings," and her feet "were beautiful on the mountains"—Vivian's "young Methody"—the "Dinah" of Everley Honour.

The sisters had had three triumphant years, and the praises of their loveliness rang from every lip; then came the sorrowful collapse—De Grey, as weak as he was fond, gave way before his mother, and went to his destruction, when forbidden his love.

St. Salvey found the bar upon Loraine to



be a further bar to his making her his wife ; to the "sainted" man, she was the child of sin, and he turned from her, and in his horrid unctuous way, "improved" the death of the "lost" girl, whose life his own vile conduct had destroyed. Loraine, proud, reckless, and undisciplined, lost her reason, and you know the rest.

Mrs. Jocelyn thought there could be no blow more terrible than the death of her two boys. Alas ! poor erring woman, she never was her former self after the suicide of Loraine. This was the one drop that flowed over her full cup of sorrow. Yet for all this, her nature was a calm and hopeful one ; and uncultured as she was, she believed that she, who had been so fearfully punished in this world, would find happiness in the next. Poor soul, she was a reverent and lowly penitent ; and to her, the Lansfeldt coronet seemed but a crown of thorns.

Strangely inconsistent as it might appear, after her guilty life she had the same innate modesty of thought, the same shrinking from

levity and boldness, the same jealous care to keep the young from evil, as her own spotless Greta had—though she had forsaken the guide of her youth, and trod the weary path of guilt.

Yet, though fearful had the reckoning been, she still loved Walter Jocelyn with a faithful, deathless love. She was an excellent and tender mother, careful but firm—it was impossible to educate her; she still retained the humble manners of the forest girl from the cabin at the pit-mouth at Hannington Green; she always addressed me as “Lady, dear,” and Grantley, as “Mr. Vivian, Sir.”

“If from her lips uncultured accents fall,
Look in her face, and you’ll forget them all.”

Spite of its past clouds, their home was now a righteous and happy one. Loraine had been the thorn that pierced her wounded side far more than her troop of boys, though their wrong seemed the more patent, lasting through life as it did; while she, in a happy marriage, might have merged her past by

change of name. I used to like to hear Greta talk in her heart-broken way of the stately and beautiful creature that had gone down into dark waters, sooner than bear her bitter shame; it was clear that in many an agonized scene of recrimination, father and mother had had to bow before their deeply-injured child.

Even the visits of the sisters to Lansfeldt were not without their sting; Miss Jocelyn, the colonel's sister, did her best, but they could not visit with her as her nieces, the Brunels and Masseys, did. The extreme beauty of the sisters secured their welcome in public, yet amid their many triumphs strange words would fall upon their ears.

"Then these are the girls from Everley? Strange, isn't it, to make them go down at Lansfeldt? Ellen would not have dared to try it had her mother been alive; which of the two is Walter's child?" or

"We don't mind meeting them in public, at least without their mother, but I could never have them intimate, you know, with my girls."

Or, two young men would talk together—

“A stiff starch lot, eh, John? a regular buckram fight. Ah, here are the girls from the Honour; we can have some fun with them—hurrah.”

The story went, that when he tried some fun with her, Loraine knocked him down, and old Pertun called her “the Striking Beauty,” ever after.

Poor Mrs. Jocelyn! how hard to tell her child, when she cast at her father the slights of the outer world, that few would have played so kind or so protecting a part as Jocelyn had done. There were those in Ravendale of blood as high, working and herding with the lowliest, while Jocelyn’s daughter had had a youth of kindest indulgence, and an education unstinted in cost. Lord Lansfeldt’s son had been one in a thousand, when old Pertun taunted him with his “life,” as he took the chair at some religious meeting — his “life” and “morality forsooth; where are your Fitz-es?”

“Not in the workhouse, where yours

are," replied Jocelyn; and the dart flew back to him who threw it.

Greta had been the angel of the house, bearing all things for the love she bore her mother and Jocelyn, her tender friend from her very babyhood. She was very dear to her haughty untamed sister; though, goaded by the outside world, she often turned her bitter wrath on the meek, all-suffering Greta.

"You cannot feel as I do, you are but Glendinning's child; it is a fine thing for you to be here at all, instead of at the cabin in the coalpit where you were taken from."

"Dare you," Jocelyn would cry, coming suddenly on the girls,—“dare you, Miss Insolence, thus to taunt your sister? Tenderly I have reared you, and cruel is the measure you return; she is Glendinning's child, and you have no right to any other name: your name is Glendinning too.”

Such were the cruel scenes of pride and pain that followed on each public slight, while the mother dared not raise her voice

to tell the panting child of shame, through whose bursting veins the proud blood of the Jocelyns was passionately coursing, that she ought humbly on her knees to thank that father, whom in her madness she was daring to upbraid; she was "the child of love, and born in bitterness,"—and one word of Colonel Jocelyn's might have turned her on the cold world to perish in her pride.

She did perish in her pride! She threw herself into the Swan Lake at Everley Honour, close by Glendinning's Gate.

We were now in the sultry heat of the dog-days. Grantley had been at the Heron Height all the morning, laying out the gardens, and Patty, sketching from nature, laying snares for him. I was really ashamed of her, and often wondered that he could help showing how very lightly he held her. But he was a gentleman so thorough that he did.

His avoidance of poor Greta seemed to me neither more nor less than a solitary craze in a brain otherwise "compos." A baby-fight

the strong man had against a woman's wiles. She, of course, took it for pride,—the pride of the old Vivian race towards her humble birth and tainted mother ; and it was because she thus felt an insurmountable barrier between them that she was so trebly perilous. The only fear she seemed to have was as to his future well-being, and what she called, I thought rather harshly, “his unprincipled and trifling waste of time.” She certainly did come the “Methody,” but she was one soon to be absorbed in a leading idea. She had in De Grey seen one fine soldier driven to the bad, and she said tearfully to me one day, “she could not bear to see another go.”

The girl had a sweet temper, sound sense, and a steady brain ; but she had not his varied love of art, his extensive, though not deep reading, his bright thoughts, or graceful accomplishments. If the *dolce far niente* can be harmless to anyone, which I doubt, it was to him, inasmuch as he thoroughly enjoyed and entered into his pursuits, he cut his different employments out,

fitting one into the other as though every moment's labour must be rigorously paid.

He still lodged at the "Jolly Dogs," which, to the girl's bitter memory, spoke of riot and irregularity, and he did flirt in the sunshine with poor deluded Patty Pertun, and Greta did not pause to think it might be, as with Madame Blaize,

"The king himself had followed her,
When she had walked before."

No, to Greta, he was hopelessly on the road to the bad; and in her simple piety she prayed to God to give her grace to save him. And he was right. She did "come Dinah over him with a vengeance." She was of a slightly suspicious turn, as most of the sensitive are. She knew that the seeming trifling on his part would end in bitter grief to Patty. She certainly did dwell on his conduct in this matter so constantly, that I really one morning myself took him to task. He did but put me off in his gay way.

"What, has Dinah been at you again, Julia? Don't say no; I see it by the long

face you are pulling. Why, my life's a moral.

“‘Early to bed and early to rise,
And so, I am healthy, wealthy, and wise.’

Why, when I go home at night to the ‘Jolly Dogs,’ ask Polly Hopkins, the barmaid, if I ever call for anything but ‘two bottoms and a bread.’ Only fancy, nothing but ‘two bottoms and a bread,’ Julia! Why I am as celebrated for my ‘holy living’ as Jeremy Taylor for his ‘Holy Living and Dying’ too. What is in the wind now?”

Her preaching and teaching would have piqued him, had they been accompanied by the slightest consciousness that the sheep she was gathering to her fold was a young and very handsome man. But they did but fret him; she seemed so utterly indifferent to all but doing her duty.

“She talks to me just as if I was a regenerate nigger or new-born old woman—talks of me as the old Adam with a stack full of sins, pitches into me as if I had broken all the Commandments. There is one I might pitch back to her, ‘Thou shalt not bear false

witness.' Those blue eyes of the girl's cut me through and through. What have I said, what have I done, that she should use me so? Show her my day's work, Julia, earning your treble X in the sweat of my brow. Read the last *Ravendale Croaker*. Think of the leader written by Elder Wasper all about the pious liberality of Grantley Vivian, Esq., because I gave the long-armed Baptist girls a school-treat to the Beechen Grove. Did not Susannah send to Susan for my best-fitting boot, to get the length of foot for those lovely starry slippers she is working for me? Now, would she shoe an animal that was going the wrong way? Am I not in good company, standing in such high repute with Susannah and the Elders?"

Of course I was shocked, and looked it. It was no use looking shocked at Vivian, he always tried to shock you the more.

"I hardly ever," he continued, "meet the girl, taking good care to go up to the Honour when she is down with you; and really, when she does come into the room, she thanks me with that distracting smile of

hers for my kindness to her mother, just as she would Miss Bab for giving a poor beggar a mess of milk ; and for the notice I take of the boys, I get just the cool acknowledgment their old godfathers would for giving them half-a-crown all round. Then she comes to me with,

“ ‘ Mr. Vivian, do have the kindness to detect where poor little Walty’s mistake is in the sum,’ — or ‘ Mr. Vivian, Cuthbert wants to know, did the ancient Greeks burn or bury their dead ? ’

“ Really, Julia, it is as if she was asking Vesper Prime

“ ‘ Can a pure Anglican eat French eggs in her pancakes at Shrovetide ? ’ or, ‘ Should the mistletoe bough be hung to the east or west of the hall lamp, Christmas-day ? ’

“ Sometimes I positively hate the girl, and feel inclined to kick her ; and sometimes—” he coughed.

“ Sometimes ? and sometimes ? ” I smiled up at him inquiringly.

“ Why sometimes I feel I am a bigger fool than when I first met Marion Lisle.”

When old times came up to him, with their crowding troubled memories of her deep treachery and his own backslidings, it seemed to do him good to rate, so I let him do it by the hour. He would seat himself, in his lazy way, in old Guy's arm-chair.

"I vow, if I don't elope with that wretched Patty, that this young prophetess shall not denounce me in vain. She has given a dog a bad name, and that's the very way to hang him."

"Grantley, you are talking nonsense. You know you detest the paltry little thing, and you should leave off flirting with her. If there is one redeeming point about her, it is this unresisting love for you. It is not in you to break a woman's heart."

"Faugh! A woman has no heart to break, always excepting you, dear friend,—always excepting you. I did make an awful oaf of myself once, but I never will again. Women are devils," he roared forth.

Here was the well-known tramp up the long, low room, and Miss Bab Blanter appeared.

“Answer for the rest, Vi. I am not a devil, I can tell you, though these dog-days make one feel as thirsty as though I came from him.”

“Then you must stop to tea, Miss Bab,” I said; while lazy Grantley, still keeping his seat, put his arm over the chair back, for he had seen the door open a second time.

“Ah! I knew her step directly. This is the hand of the soldier’s daughter.” He kissed it; she blushed.

Miss Blantyre might be called a modern Ninon without the nous or naughtiness, and she liked this philandering. We all rose; and as the painting-room was now most in the shade, we went in there to tea. After tea, Vivian went to his easels, but before he could settle himself, Miss Isabelle, after gracefully putting her foot into her ribbon, of course dropped her netting; he, in duty bound, of course picked it up, saying it was “where he would ever be,” as he placed it at her side. Old Bab got out her long brown hose, and seemed to be knitting for her life.

My own hard labour consisted in fanning my poor fat self, and sighing for an Indian punkah.

For a wonder, the man spoke first.

"Miss Bab, do you think that that poor Greta Jocelyn is quite right in the head? or, as the Scotch say, has she got a bee in her bonnet?"

"Bee in her bonnet! Whatever do you mean, Vi? Azzbull has got a wasp on her nose, that I can see. Knock it off with your coat cuff."

"Vi" knew better than to do this. It was like a common assault, hitting a woman on the nose. No; he carefully, with his softest pencil, touched the delicate aquiline, and the wasp, after sipping the sweets, flew away without stinging the lady. Then Bab said her say,

"Heavens, Vi! what can you mean? That calm, sensible Greta not right in the head? Who is then, if she is not? Beware! Lunatics are always the first to suspect lunacy. Depend on it, the bee is in your own bonnet, Vi. Poor Greta, it is over

a twelvemonth since De Grey's court-martial—must be near two years, eh, Izzbull?"

Now, Miss Blantyre never minded being asked about two years ago, but was mortally offended if you talked to her of twenty. She would put on a fatuous *non mi ricordo* sort of look in reply, like Bergami and the Italians in Queen Caroline's trial; so she was not offended now, and said:

"It is nearly two years, Bebbora; but you know more about the Jocelyns than I do."

She liked talking to gentlemen the best, and, addressing Vivian, continued—

"You see, Mr. Vivian, it behoves one to be careful who one knows. It would not do for me to be seen too much with Greta. Now it does not matter who Bebbora knows; she is different."

Vivian bowed.

"Why Izzbull, you are a year and a day——"

"Excuse me, Bebbora, Mr. Vivian's easels are in your dress."

"Bless me! Thanks, Izzbull; I never

thought of my tail ; that is why I like an old rip, that one needn't care about—an old rip that one goes out with on a winter's night."

Here Miss Blantyre thought it incumbent on her to explain to Grantley that her cousin's old rip was but a shabby silk dress, and nothing more.

"Oh, I quite understand, Miss Issabelle. I always know a rip when I see one."

He then went on vigorously with his work. He was designing a fountain for the Ravendale market-place, to be inscribed, "By the pious liberality of Grantley Vivian, Esquire."

So now we were all settled cosily that summer's night, and Miss Bab began, what she had often promised us, the sad story of Everley Honour.

CHAPTER XIV.

“WELL, let me see, Izzbull, was it twenty or twenty-one years ago when the last of the Lorimers sold the estate, and old Guy Decker bought the Honour?”

Izzbull looked *non mi ricordo*, so Bab decided it was twenty-one years.

“Well, either the 3rd, 4th, or 5th, regiment was quartered in the Forest, and a young Scotch sergeant married a beautiful girl from a cottage close to the Iron Works at Hannington Green. She was not one of the permitted wives, he had had no leave from his Captain, and thus her existence was ignored. She had been married a twelve-month, and she bore her husband one child; she was vain and weak, and one—God forgive him!—made her wicked. It was

a dark day when first Walter Jocelyn caught her young and tempting face, as he walked at the head of his company, marching through Hannington Green; and a day as dark, when officer and private, lover and husband, fought fist to fist at the coal-pit cottage door, and Jocelyn, more dead than alive, was carried away. He was the better man by far, but Glendinning had the savagery of right on his side, and for once right conquered might. Jocelyn was so culpable that of course the insult was ignored; but again, at the cabin by the coal-pit, he was where he should never be, and a woman's soft touch was where a man's strong fist had been; and her lips were snaring him, with a love more fatal than her husband's curses could have been. They were talking late on into the twilight, and oh, grief and shame! a child hung round her neck. As he pulled her out from the cottage door she woke, and

“ Unconsciously her finger the wedding-ring had prest,
As though the babe would chide her for smiling on her
guest.”

Alas! unresisting she went on her guilty path, and a man distraught, forsaken, came back to his lonely hearth. From that time Glendinning's fate was sealed; next, in an hour of excess, he struck the irreproachable Colonel, and not the guilty Captain—was broke—and went 'down for ever to the bad!'

Here Vivian started.

"In mercy, Vi, be careful, or else that horrid smearpot will be over my new levantine; next time Miss Dagger must excuse me if I come with my old rip—or keep off this vile Vi."

"I am sure she will, won't you, Julia? I should so like to see Miss Bab's old rip."

Miss Blantyre answered him, with—

"My cousin is not choice in her expressions, Mr. Vivian, but indeed your colour glass is very, very near her silk."

"Look sharper next time, Vi, and I'll turn up my tail; my petticoat is like the driven snow, not mud and dust, like Tierça Prime's."

"Really, Bebbora, all very well for you,

but remember gentlemen are not used to your free and easy ways; years make you callous; you should consider Miss Dacre and myself."

"Why, Izzbull, you're"—

"Dear Bebbora, I would not sit so near that colour glass if I were you."

"No more I won't," and she started off again at her stocking and her story.

"Where was I? Oh, broke,—the soldier was broke; the poor fellow had brain fever, and was put into the Asylum. Jocelyn brought the guilty wife to Everley Honour, and with her came the child, that he often says is dearer to him than all his own. She was called Mrs. Jocelyn; of lowly birth but regal beauty, and so extremely modest looking that the fun was that Pertun brought home his bride just at this time, and my maid says to me, mistaking the one for the other: 'Ah, 'tis easy ma'am to see which is which; that rolling, tossing, black-eyed thing from Everley looks exactly what she is, and no better than she should be. Squire Pertun's wife for me! She is as stately

as a queen, and as modest as a nun. You could tell at a glance that she is the Bishop's daughter.' "

The rolling thing was Mrs. Pertun; the nun—the sergeant's guilty wife!

"Let me see, Izzbull, was this in '34 or '35, do you remember?"

Isabelle looked *non mi ricordo*. Nothing before Queen Victoria's coronation would she recall, and even of that event, she used to speak cloudily, as though she was a little girl then.

"Well, tell us, Izzbull, was it Lovell or old Loraine that was Vicar then?"

Non mi ricordo, looked Izzbull.

"I remember the poor child was christened after him. It was dear, good, old Loraine. Late one summer's evening he came in with—

"'Miss Bab, do be so good as come up to the Honour, that poor wretched girl is in labour.' "

Isabelle blushed.

"Never mind, Bebbora; do think of Mr. Vivian's presence."

She did but confuse the narrator, and make things worse, for old Bab went on again :

“Where was I? Oh, in labour.—‘They have got as stupid and saucy a nurse as can be, and Jocelyn is half beside himself for fear he should lose her; for God’s sake be quick.’ I did not keep him a moment, but was off with him in a trice; they took me up to the bedroom, Jocelyn was standing by in an agony of terror, the nurse indifferent and unkind; the young thing lay in blankets.”

“Do, Bebbora, pass on, or I must take my netting into the garden.”

“Where was I? Oh, in blankets. The baby was asleep; little Greta, all unconscious, was playing on the rug. The poor girl’s great anxiety was to have her baby baptized; she was in very great danger from fever. Jocelyn looked broken-hearted, now cooling her head with the ice, now moistening her lips with a sponge. In the midst of his comforting words the good old man

looked to the mother to name the child ; she whispered,

“ ‘ Give her a good man’s name. Walter, call her Loraine,’—the girl that last February threw herself into the Swan Lake was the one. Excuse me, Miss Dagger, I always feel so choky and sad when I think of that day at Everley.

“ Where was I ? Oh, in the lake. The dear old man hinted to her softly and tenderly the sinful tenor of her life, earnestly beseeching her to repent. In faltering accents she cried :

“ ‘ Mr. Loraine, dear, I do repent.’

“ ‘ Then you will leave Everley ? ’

“ ‘ Yes, I will leave Everley.’

“ ‘ There is joy in heaven over—’

“ ‘ Stop ; not Walter Jocelyn. I’ll not leave Walter Jocelyn.’

“ This was no moment to press a sore subject on a bruised spirit. The old man named the child Loraine, and left.

“ I watched through the night with Jocelyn, and in the morning returned to

Ravendale. She soon got well, and the baby thrived.

“Greta was a stout, darling, little toddle by now, and so proud of the baby. Now, Izzbull, you really must remember the stealing of the child?”

Isabelle *non mi ricordo*-ed again. It was before the coronation, when events seemed as hazy to her as those of the Babylonish captivity, she would give you to understand; while Bab declared that in 1821 Miss Blantyre was tall enough to have walked in the procession of George the Fourth. She gave up all hope of any assistance from Issabelle, and went on—

“Where was I? Oh, stealing the child. It was in the autumn, and a tall, wild-looking young man was lurking round the lake, while nurse took the child for a stroll. Now Loraine was about the very age and size of Greta, when the guilty wife left Hannington Green, and was still swathed in the long robes of babyhood. The bewildered brain recalled *that* child, his own darling, and did not at all associate her

with the short-coated little trotter, who now stepped so sturdily by nurse's side. He snatched the infant from the girl, and before she could look round, the soldier's long legs had borne him and his light burden to the cottage by the coal-pit.

"Then Jocelyn knew that his enemy slept not. It occurred to him that Mr. Loraine and I could best manage for him, he felt so much for the ruined, damaged man. He would not have raised his hand at him for worlds. He proposed that we should take him the little Greta, and try to make him understand this was his own, and leave her with him. We went to Hannington Green, and there, peacefully sleeping on his own lowly bed, lay the child, the lost rough man watching her tenderly. Mr. Loraine took little Greta to him, trying to make him understand that this was his own child. He looked at her doubtingly, while she screamed from terror, calling for 'Papa!'

"But, alas! all time's measurement was a mizmaze to him. What he had left, *that*

he thought, he had found, and *that* he took away. Little Greta dared not even look at the wild soldier, and clung terrified to me. Mr. Loraine and I both came to the conclusion that mischief must come if Glendinning were at large. He was sent at once to the asylum, where he remained some years ; during that time the four elder boys were born, and the girls grew on in beauty. Mrs. Jocelyn blushed for, and did not parade, her shame. And Jocelyn acquitted himself admirably ; he did not force his household on any one ; his public friends he entertained publicly. He was quite a leading man, kindly, honest, gentlemanly, and temperate ; and, as times went, he was considered as good a man as the son of a lord need possibly be.

“He neither drank, gamed, nor racketed ; he was tender to his children, thoughtful for his servants, strict in his payments, and faithful to a woman who was faithless to another. Alas ! for all that, he lived in sin.”

Here Miss Isabelle blushed.



"Do go on, Bebbora; remember Mr. Vivian's presence."

"Well, where was I? Oh, in sin. And, of course, no one would call at the Honour: and you remember, Izzbull, how sad it was to have the best house in Ravendale shut up; and you know the constant company there was there in the Lorimers' time; and they fed their company too, not like the Fitz-Flashes, nothing but hungry garden parties, when you go away with spasms in your starving stomach."

"Bebbora, Bebbora, Mrs. Fitz-Flash always says, 'Stay for the refreshments, Miss Blantyre, do.'"

"All bosh, Izzbull; who ever saw one of her refreshments? And if you did but touch a bit, you'd never be asked again; and when she says, 'Won't you?' and you, 'Yes,' she looks as if she'd bite. All I know is, we shall never see the like again of the old Lorimers of Everley, that Guy Decker sold up in such high dudgeon."

"But now I'll go on with my story. Where was I? Oh, in high dudgeon. And

so ten years or so passed on ; the blooming children were a pleasure and a pride ; when one summer's day their father had been taking them a pic-nic on the river, and the boat had just neared the bank of the low-lying meadow close to the Swan Lake. Jocelyn had got one little fellow mounted on his shoulder for safer convoy, when a pistol-shot whizzed through the air, and entered his side just under his right arm. Greta caught sight of the tall, wild-looking soldier by the gate beneath the silver beach ; and Glendinning had pointed a bullet to his own heart, and lay weltering in blood.

“ Really, dear Vi, you must hand me a glass of water, I always feel choked when I think of it. Well, where was I ? Weltering in blood. From the window looking out upon the park the guilty woman saw it all. There lay her husband, dead—and her lover, the dearly-loved tempter, ‘dying.’ At length the gardener came up and helped the boatman take Jocelyn to the Honour, and then they bore the corpse of poor Glendinning to the lodge. It was enough

to turn the poor child's brain; they were so thoughtless as to tell Greta that that body, maimed and bleeding, was her father's. Ah, sobbed the bewildered little one, but 'not papa, dear papa is alive and can talk and breathe.' She gathered the little ones about her, and nurse came down for me. Of course, the dreadful tragedy spread like lightning. I went first to Dr. Brand and then to Mr. Loraine, for Jocelyn had said he must see him at once. Loraine wrote to Lansfeldt for the old Lord; nothing seemed so much to disturb Jocelyn as the eagerness he felt that, in case of his death, the marriage should not have been solemnized. He said, 'All I pray for, Mr. Loraine, is, that I may live to see my father, —live to right my Mary.'

"They were married by special licence at Everley Honour—it was so touching. Come, Izzbull, you can go on. Vi, give me some more water."

But Miss Blantyre would not go on. She said, addressing Grantley,—

"You see, Mr. Vivian, I knew but little

about it; I was not so intimate—it would not have done. Now, Bebbora, proceed.”

“Well, where was I?—oh, married by special licence at Everley Honour; and the old Lord came—he was so thankful to find his son alive, that the past was forgotten; he was again the son he was so proud of before he had disgraced him. And Walter said to his sister, ‘You may meet her now, Ellen, for she is my wife;’ and Ellen looked with compassion on the woman she had expected to find bold, worthless, defiant; not as she was, penitent, shrinking, and ‘modest as a nun.’

“Dr. Brand pronounced the wound as one of extreme danger, yet not necessarily mortal. Few would have got over it, he said to the old Lord; but the Colonel’s temperate life has saved him.

“He did recover. And a small tablet was placed in Ravendale Church, ‘To the memory of Andrew Glendinning, a native of Perth, who died insane, aged 33 years.’

“Soon after the marriage a son was born—dead. Poor Mrs. Jocelyn! this was an-

other judgment. She sometimes says, 'Oh, lady dear, God must forgive me at the last, after these cruel, cruel scourges—these many, many stripes, and to think they should fall, too, on my Greta. Oh, to see those saucy folks sniff past her. Oh, lady dear, I would give—what would I not?—to see her married well. I had her when I was innocent, my angel Greta.' ”

Vivian looked up. “God bless me, Vi, how you do start—never was such a fidget; do take care of that smear pot. Now stop one minute while I turn my heel.”

And Miss Bab toiled away at her knitting-pins, which seemed to chisel a bit off her nose from their dangerous propinquity each time she turned her hose.

“But Greta will never marry now; well, all the better, then you are at no man's mercy. Well, two years passed on, and Mrs. Jocelyn was brought to bed of another boy——”


“Pass on, Bebbora, do.”

“Well, where was I? Oh, brought to bed of another boy—born dead. Miss Jocelyn

often asked the girls to Lansfeldt, but we have talked of them so often, there is nothing left to tell; you have heard of Loraine's dreadful death, after months and months of violence, that only her young sister could in the least soothe down. I could do anything with Mrs. Jocelyn, who used to consult me in all household things, always beginning 'Lady, dear.' Loraine, however, never took to me. I don't know why——"

I thought I *did* know why; the young of good taste unseasoned by the wear and tear of the world, have always an instinct against anything they consider coarse; and Miss Bab would have carried far more weight with her mother wit, and high principles, had she but added refinement to them, as we turn from the clearest water, if we think the fountain foul.

Loraine was too young to appreciate the real worth of this good woman, and only rejoiced (in her ignorance), "that Miss Bab being so vulgar, could not look down on
mamma."



The high-born but illegitimate girl stood in an agonizing position of wounded pride and blighted hopes, when the frightful truth was paraded to the world by St. Salvey's desertion.

Poor Miss Bab went on,—

“Miss Jocelyn unfortunately was in Italy with the old Lord; the haughty girl had rebelled against her mother, and her father could scarcely put up with her ungracious repinings. At last she was so swayed by passion she was quite irresponsible; Greta, angel as she is, never left her, and was with her at her death—for weeks and weeks she had watched her night and day, Vi,—had watched her night and day ——” The old lady here fairly broke down, saying,—

“It's no use; I must have my cry out, and put up my knitting.”

Miss Isabelle netted away, but there was an uneasy throw of the foot, a little quiver of the lip, that said more than words could tell. I looked up at Vivian—there was a moisture in the dark fringe of her Juan's orbs that would have driven the adoring

Patty frantic. Vivian shedding a tear at a woman's story, and at a woman's fate ! I don't say I have not heard men weep—for men, given to weep, make themselves heard as well as seen. With the nasal accompaniment of a whine and a moan, "to be seen of men," wilful woman wails and sighs, and yet is genuine ; but man usually hides the tear that starts unbidden, and Grantley Vivian turned away when the touching tale was done !

As I said, we were in the dog-days, after weeks of tropical heat, following on the cold, long spring of '55. We were sitting, drawing in every breath of air, with our rooms all flung open ; and looking westward, the golden light was fading behind the rich, dark forest trees. In the doorway stood Greta, like the spirit of summer, bathed in the flooding light of the setting sun !

CHAPTER XV.

WE were all very foolish, man and women too. My tears trickled down my cheeks; old Bab seemed to be giving her face a great shake, to shake hers all off together; but the soldier's daughter pressed her snowy handkerchief to hers, almost looking at Vivian, as though he should have kissed them off; and he, that great, strong man, was as much shaken, too. As to Patty, she would have raved a month, could she but have called up one such glance as gleamed in "Juan's" orbs, as he looked fondly down on Greta. Such a look *I* had often silently remarked, but it was always so instantaneously recalled, the poor girl could never have caught it; it would have made no

difference, for all her interest in the splendid soldier appeared to centre in keeping him from going, like her lost love, "to the bad."


She advanced.

"Dear, dear friends, Julia, Miss Bab, there is trouble here. I must share it. I shall not rest till I know. Mr. Vivian, tell me, tell me! You can tell me?"

But he was gone.

Then from under her shawl she drew out a bell glass, covering some beautifully-stuffed birds.

"I am very late, indeed, Julia, and I must be back; the boys go off to school to-morrow by the morning Tally-ho; on their way they are to stop at Lansfeldt. The old Lord has asked to see 'Walter's sons before he dies.' They begged me to bring down the glass myself, thinking one of them might break it. They have done the birds entirely alone. They are for Mr. Vivian; it is to remind him how happy he has made them these holidays. Indeed, he has been very kind, coming up to sit with poor mamma, and kind to me, too."



“Stuff, stuff, Greta! ‘It’s could kail, poor lassie,’ if you call that kindness, always starting off from you with his coat tails flying. Thank God, I’m at no man’s mercy. I’d have no man flying in my face.”

The girl looked at her very calmly.

“The Castle Vivian family are very proud, Miss Bab, and I was but a common soldier’s daughter.”

“That is it, Greta,” rather unconsolingly said the daughter of the Marines.

Greta did not heed her, but turned to me.

“Tell me, dear Julia, what the trouble is, or I shall not rest to-night. Julia, I know it is Mr. Vivian that is vexing you. I do pity Patty; for, though you will not believe me, he is blinding her.”

“Come, come, Greta; you are an angel, but if I do grudge your Christianity anywhere, it is to that little tossing, saucy thing. She always has trampled you down, and will do it again. Such forgiveness as yours is quite an emetic to me, and makes me sick.”

“Bebbora, Bebbora, to forgive is divine.”

“It may be. Well, then, I am not divine; I’m a plain woman, Izzbull.”

And Miss Isabelle rather pettishly agreed with her in this.

“Then you won’t tell your trouble, Julia, dear?”

“No, love, for it is all over now.”

“Thank God for that! Now I must be gone, to be up in the morning early, and down at the Tally-ho. I feel so heart-broken, dear Miss Bab. Last time—ah, last time *she* was there.”

She kissed us both, but Miss Blantyre drew back, thinking, perhaps, she was yet too young to remain uncompromised if she were to take a kiss from such a one as Greta.

In the meantime Vivian, his hat slouched over his eyes, swaying his stick to and fro, all unheedingly, walked on from Ivy Lane to the low meadow by the Swan Lake, Greta taking the high path to the Honour. He knew that he could fight off woman in prosperity—in the glory and insolence of rank and wealth; but this girl, whom in his vile

craze he felt himself shunning so coarsely, was the child of sorrow, the meek penitent for others' sins. Yes, he could not stamp her out; she would rise up before him, crushed, pleading, clinging. He had been cruelly used, had been driven down to vice and folly, but the pure gold had cast off its base alloy — there was the *besoin d'aimer* strong in him. He was a wiser, not a worsened man.


“For his heart was still as loving,
And his eye was still as bright.”

He did not like to confess it, but his life had been one long wrestle with this unconquerable passion since that first night at Ravendale, when he met Glendinning's child. He thought of her upbraidings, of his idle life, the fair prophet of evil warning him off that sad path where she feared he might be going, how often he had longed to strain her to his heart, and yet had fled from her like a pestilence. Still he doubted; one woman had so cursed him, as to make him mistrust all others.

Poor fellow, thus musing and pondering, he really had not seen her as she passed, for at that very moment Patty, his short shadow, had waylaid him at that late hour, like a little footpad, at Glendinning's gate, the cock-feather of her pork-pie hat jogging up against what children call the funny-bone of his arm. It all appeared very shocking to the gentle "Methody." But then "Patty," far from divine though she was, was granddaughter of a bishop deceased, niece of a bishop designate. Vivian was proud; her own mother was a sinner, and she a common soldier's child, she argued again. She could not guess that the absorbed and preoccupied man, who but suffered Patty at his side, was full of her own unhappy childhood, darkened youth, and blighted love.

Vivian returned to us. Miss Bab was what she called "up and at him."

"It would have been a great deal civilier, Mr. Vi, if you had walked home with that poor girl, and no such hardship either, and to-night full moon, you vile Vi."



"Ah, indeed," quoth Isabelle; "I love the night, the gentle night, better than the glare of day. Mr. Vivian, if you will just hand me my scarf, we will stroll into the garden."

She stepped softly out, he gallantly following. Then the silly soul began,

"Meet me by moonlight alone,
And there I will tell thee a tale."

But the tale was cut short by old Bab bawling,

"Supper, Izzbull; supper, Vi."

"Vi," she continued, "there is something on that girl Greta's mind about you. She says it is you that have been vexing us all. The dear young soul always was a little bit of a jealous turn, and perhaps she don't like Julia's being so very fond of you."

Miss Isabelle fired up.

"Bebbora, Bebbora, you have no right to say all this. Do be careful! Mrs. Fitz-Flash won't like your having told Miss Dacre what Jane McWeary told Ann O'Drawl. Besides, Greta can have had no communica-

tion with them; they would never visit at Everley Honour."

I really was very much annoyed; but there is never smoke without fire. I had regretted Grantley's loitering for his own sake; his trifling for Patty's; but as to the involving me, it seemed atrocious. I was more than six-and-forty, he not twenty-six. But I laughed, and said:

"What, slander of me? Why I'm as ugly as Mokanna, and go about without a veil."

He took my joke, of course; but the dear ladies had never even heard of the Prophet of Khorassan. Miss Isabelle sung "Oft in the still night," and delighted in "Love's young Dream," but knew no more of "Little" Anacreon; and Miss Bab looked as if Mokanna might be the name of some maiden aunt of mine, who *did* wear a veil, nothing more; but she had not done with Vi.

"You don't mean that that girl Patty was at the gate with you, and you did not see her home?"

"I did see her home. I looked after her

until she got to her father's steps, and isn't that seeing her home? Now, Miss Isabelle, I am a soldier, and you a soldier's daughter; am I a fellow to lead a girl astray?"

Miss Isabelle blushed as though she were being sworn in evidence to prove that he, the accused, never tried to lead her astray, and we sat down to supper, Miss Isabelle's splendid figure busted up to perfection, yet very *décolletée*. In the same way as she (as she called it) "had worn her neck" in 1825, so she wore it in 1855. She certainly had been handsome, or, as that old punster Pertun said, "Miss Isabelle, she was a belle." She seated herself under the open window, old Bab calling out,

"Pin your shawl over your shoulders, for mercy's sake, Izzbull; the moon is cold, and the sun is down;" but all in vain, till Grantley said,

"Miss Blantyre, you are the only woman in Ravendale that knows how to wear a shawl; put it on, to show Julia the way."

And so he coaxed her with his flattering tongue. She picked some prawns, peeled a

pear, and sipped a custard ; while Bab, more sensible in everything, stuck to boiled beef and bottled porter. They rose to say good-night, and Vivian went to the "Jolly Dogs."

He thought, as he went down the street, that he saw a white handkerchief waved out of one of Mr. Pertun's upper windows. Again and again he saw it in the moonlight. He detested the chimpanzee, as he called her. True, there were dark days in his past he wished to forget ; but he was far too good a man to bring shame to a respectable hearth, even had he not been secured from temptation by his repugnance to Patty.

Greta did not think this, but I did. Still Greta had so perseveringly hinted to me that Patty was being misled, whether with or without reason, I got very uncomfortable. Even Tierça began to stutter and snuffle about her. Now, to me, the pert, unfeeling, little minx was the pressed-down quintessence of all that was horrible ; and yet it seemed to me that she had improved of late—softened and saddened, for a most genuine love

had most certainly sprung up for her Juan. I was too old for a confidante; but she would talk to Greta and to Tierça, dumb-founding this last—poor imbecile—terribly with the ecstasies. She called her “Juan’s orbs more glorious than the stars of heaven.” At church, he was “Harold in the ancient oratory;” on horseback, “Mazeppa.”

Tierça was terribly bothered. She never read any one but Keble. Then he was by turns “Beppo,” “Conrad,” “Lara,” she herself being “Gulnare.” When cross, he “looked a Jar” (Giaour).

“Who are they all, Miss Dacre?” snuffled she.

“Well, my dear, Harold was a very wild man; Mazeppa, a wild horse.”

“Yes, how dreffle!”

“A Giaour is an Infidel.”

“Ah! Mr. Vivian never does come to ‘All Bells;’—an Infidel, hothible!”

“Beppo, Conrad, and Lara were all bad characters, and Gulnare a very naughty girl.”

“Poor Mr. Vivian, how dreffle!”

But she really ought not to answer his letters. I hope she will be persuaded to confess to papa; I often advise it, but she laughs, and asks me to Castle Vivian, and she says,

“She’ll fit me up an oratory, where I shall keep all my little toys, and I can be praying while they are out scampering the country. She intends to follow the hounds. There is nothing but what he has promised her. You see the pretty châtelaine she wears, with the pencil-key, scent-bottle, and amulet, that he gave her with a locket, and his own dark hair in it. Then I have seen his letters, he calls her ‘Maid of Athens,’ and says ‘My life, my life, I love you.’ He pops his letters into the hole in the silver beech, close to Glendinning’s gate.”

She stopped. I really felt quite staggered. Tierça had neither wit nor wickedness for lies; she had received all this as gospel, and as gospel brought it to me. This, of course, was what poor Greta had so often tried to tell me, and dared not.

I determined at once to talk to Grantley

when I could catch him quite alone. He was much pleased with the boys' present of the beautifully stuffed birds, so he went down to the morning "Tally-ho" to tip them all round. They were all standing in the courtyard of the "Jolly Dogs," mounting the luggage; Greta in the doorway over-looking all. They were great pets, those poor lads from the Honour. Gilbert Jocelyn looked every inch a nobleman, young as he was; yet he could never be Lord Lansfeldt. It was a piteous story. There was not the same jealousy, or holding off from them, as there had been from the sisters, and the boys, as in every case, fared best.

They gave a loud hurrah for Vivian, kissed Greta, and the "Tally-ho" was off.

So the two were left alone; but one moment she hesitated, and then, calmly and frankly, as if she had been borrowing old Pertun's crutch, she said,

"May I ask you, Mr. Vivian, for your arm, to the Honour? I feel as if I must break down if I go up alone. Poor Loraine and I have always started the boys by the

‘Tally-ho’ together, and this is the first time——”

She stifled a sob—

“I have met mamma without her.”

He felt very much for her, and they passed down Ivy Lane together. Miss Bab called out—

“Why, Greta! I have just put on my bonnet to walk home with you, poor dear; but Vi will do just as well, for I’m marketing for Mrs. Fibber, and choosing new braids for Izzbull.”

So he was to do just as well as that old woman.

“Tell Julia,” she said, “I will pop in to-night; you will be at the lecture, and Miss Bab at Miss O’Drawl’s rubber.”

Put aside coolly with old Bab Blanter!

“Do tell me, Mr. Vivian, do you like my being so much in and out; speak candidly, as though I was your sister; I have no elder brother; how I wish I had one. How much older are you than I am? Dark men look the oldest.”

“ Well, I am nearly twenty-six, Miss Jocelyn.”

“ I should have said you had been more.”

And she looked and spoke in such a matter-of-fact way, just as if he were a superannuated militia-man, telling her he was forty-nine, and therefore could not be “ drawn.”

Then he resumed, very coldly,

“ Grove Cottage is Miss Dacre’s house, and you Miss Dacre’s friend.”

She bit her lips, for she felt hurt, and put it down to the Castle Vivian pride.

However, when she collected herself, she said—

“ Julia seems to have been sent by heaven as a friend, when my need was the sorest, to replace Loraine ; and now, will you forgive me, if I am too presuming ? but I hope you don’t spoil your little Susan ; she seems to me to grow very pert, and boldness in her station will be her destruction. You are thoughtless, Mr. Vivian, and know not what you are doing.”

She was a sweet, earnest, blue-eyed girl,

as she looked up to him, in what he called her Dinah fashion, and that summer's morning was just the one when

“The lark at heaven's gate sings,”

and when he might have added—

“With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise.”

Now she was rapping into him just like a “Methody,” harder hits than even Miss Susannah gave him for daring to mount a cross in his new fountain last week. She, he thought, had a most provoking way with her, pounding at him so hard; he always got the worst of it, and why? Because he was himself in fault, untrue to his own gentle and chivalrous nature, in being rough and cold to this harassed and unhappy girl, out of whom all youth seemed crushed, in whose resigned and chastened heart love itself lay dead. He hated himself for doubting her, and yet the woman-hater doubted on. He felt that he must say something.

“Has Susan been rude to you, Miss Jocelyn?”

“Oh, don’t think of me; only, poor child, she will go on getting bolder and bolder. Ah, Mr. Vivian, you have not seen so much of sorrow as I have, or you would be specially careful to check all forwardness. Susan will be very, very pretty, and she is in that lowly station—oh God! who should know it if we do not!—in that lowly station, where beauty is a snare.’,

He allowed that we all spoiled Susan, and they arrived at the Honour.

CHAPTER XVI.

HE felt she had been quite wise in not meeting her poor mother alone, who was sitting weeping and moaning on a low stool by the hearth-rug, the children trying to comfort her, yet not making it out. She did not see Vivian. Greta threw her arms round her neck.

“Greta, here is news from Lansfeldt: the old Lord is very ill. Sometimes, dear child, I say as you do, I shall lose my senses if I go to Lansfeldt. I was happy, my darling, a happy girl at Hannington Green, and yet I pined to be a lady when I was Mary Bell; and it seems as if I must sink with shame when I am Lady Lansfeldt. Oh, you must come with me!”

"It will be the most cruel moment of my life ; but I'll not shirk my duty, mother dear. I'll come with you to Lansfeldt."

The unhappy woman again sank broken-hearted down upon her low seat, and another wail of misery followed her fitful tears. She swayed and wrung her hands in agony, her eyes cast down in utterest abasement. Greta could no longer raise her. Vivian had looked on in astonishment at the force and firmness which she had shown ; but now it had come to raising a heavy woman of Mrs. Jocelyn's height, tall as was Greta, the slight form of youth gave way before the matron. She came up to him.

"Oh, how I do wish Miss Bab had come, she can always manage her ; but now I must trouble you, Mr. Vivian. You must, if you please, be firm. Don't give way, and beware of showing too much sympathy."

She spoke just as a young physician might, giving his last orders to a hospital nurse. Was he nothing but an old woman to be bracketed with Bab again ?

"Thanks ; you can always cheer her, and

I'll go with the little ones and cut off the dead roses."

He came up.

"Come now, Mrs. Jocelyn; you and I are sworn friends, you know, and I must have no tears. Was there ever a day more heavenly? Remember, I am a soldier, accustomed to command, and must be obeyed. Here's my arm, take your parasol, and we'll stroll on the lawn together." And so he raised her.

Poor woman! Though as I have described her, in spite of her life, as of pure mind and taste, still her sin had isolated her from the worthy of her own sex; and from the evil she herself in loathing turned. She was in consequence more at home with men than women—they could less well cast stones at her; and the young man who walked beside her would not, if he could.

Still, meek and humble penitent though she was, Vivian felt that hers was no girlish error, where an honest love in some sort purified the wrong-doing. No! Hers was a grievous sin, a commandment broken, and

a God defied ! All that he could say for her was, that he, the graceful tempter, lighted on her path as a being of another sphere, as the sons of heaven to the daughters of men. His stately form entrancing her, his polished voice beguiling her, many years her senior, in the glory of his manhood when she was but nineteen ; yet it was a comfort to Grantley to feel that she was Greta's mother in the days of her innocence, before that tempter came.

She was far too much exhausted with her violent grief even to keep up with his gentle pace, and he took her into the alcove. Everything to the unhappy Magdalen seemed to have a bitter memory. This alcove had been a freak of poor Loraine's in her young bright days. She had covered the walls with the interior of oyster-shells ; the effect was novel, cool, and pretty. They had christened it Loraine's Bower. It was a hard matter to drop the old name ; and sometimes the luckless word would slip, bringing up the bitter memory of the beautiful, unhappy dead.

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Miss Isabelle blushed as though she were being sworn in evidence to prove that he, the accused, never tried to lead her astray, and we sat down to supper, Miss Isabelle's splendid figure busted up to perfection, yet very *décolletée*. In the same way as she (as she called it) "had worn her neck" in 1825, so she wore it in 1855. She certainly had been handsome, or, as that old punster Pertun said, "Miss Isabelle, she was a belle." She seated herself under the open window, old Bab calling out,

"Pin your shawl over your shoulders, for mercy's sake, Izzbull; the moon is cold, and the sun is down;" but all in vain, till Grantley said,

"Miss Blantyre, you are the only woman in Ravendale that knows how to wear a shawl; put it on, to show Julia the way."

And so he coaxed her with his flattering tongue. She picked some prawns, peeled a

pear, and sipped a custard ; while Bab, more sensible in everything, stuck to boiled beef and bottled porter. They rose to say good-night, and Vivian went to the "Jolly Dogs."

He thought, as he went down the street, that he saw a white handkerchief waved out of one of Mr. Pertun's upper windows. Again and again he saw it in the moonlight. He detested the chimpanzee, as he called her. True, there were dark days in his past he wished to forget ; but he was far too good a man to bring shame to a respectable hearth, even had he not been secured from temptation by his repugnance to Patty.

Greta did not think this, but I did. Still Greta had so perseveringly hinted to me that Patty was being misled, whether with or without reason, I got very uncomfortable. Even Tierça began to stutter and snuffle about her. Now, to me, the pert, unfeeling, little minx was the pressed-down quintessence of all that was horrible ; and yet it seemed to me that she had improved of late—softened and saddened, for a most genuine love

had most certainly sprung up for her Juan. I was too old for a confidante; but she would talk to Greta and to Tierça, dumb-founding this last—poor imbecile—terribly with the ecstasies. She called her “Juan’s orbs more glorious than the stars of heaven.” At church, he was “Harold in the ancient oratory;” on horseback, “Mazeppa.”

Tierça was terribly bothered. She never read any one but Keble. Then he was by turns “Beppo,” “Conrad,” “Lara,” she herself being “Gulnare.” When cross, he “looked a Jar” (Giaour).

“Who are they all, Miss Dacre?” snuffled she.

“Well, my dear, Harold was a very wild man; Mazeppa, a wild horse.”

“Yes, how dreffle!”

“A Giaour is an Infidel.”

“Ah! Mr. Vivian never does come to ‘All Bells;’—an Infidel, hothible!”

“Beppo, Conrad, and Lara were all bad characters, and Gulnare a very naughty girl.”

“Poor Mr. Vivian, how dreffle!”

Here Sootie and Sarly were taking a few plunges at each other with their little fists across his shoulders; they had got restless, and he put them down. She then bade him "Good morning;" but Miss Gertrude, who had not yet had enough of her parasol, cried,—

"Oh, Greta, we must go to the Stony Stile; we always do with old Miss Bab."

"Miss Bab again!" He now gave her his arm, for Sootie and Sarley were determined to romp it with the grass that lay cut on the lawn.

"You will be at the lecture to-night, Mr. Vivian; tell Julia I have a letter to consult her about. Oh, how you must love her!"

He said warmly, "Miss Dacre is a nonpareil—the only woman I believe in. Have you read *Locksley Hall*, Miss Jocelyn? I quite agree with Tennyson that women are to men,—

"As moonshine unto sunshine, as water unto wine."

"Not a bit of it; more shame on the abominable Laureate. I, for one, would pop

him into his own butt of Malmsey, and hold him there till he was dead, dead, dead. He is all wrong—he has been jilted by some false cousin Amy. No, I sing,—

“ ‘ Green grow the rashes, oh ! ’

’Twas

“ ‘ Her prentice han’ she tried on man,
And then—she made the lasses, oh ! ’ ”

Here she shook his hand ; and with the light step of a young fawn reclimbed the Honour.

Her ringing voice was in his ear when, close by the silver beech, he stumbled against Patty, and looking at her, thought she must have been designed even *before* nature was apprenticed, so clumsily was she turned off the lathe.

However to-day she did appear in trouble ; she looked so imploringly up at Juan’s orbs, that even Juan blinked ! She put her hand to her eyes screaming,

“ Oh, you must know, you must, you must ; who could lead such a life as mine ? constant promises, and no performance ; appointments but made to torture me ! Oh,

if you loved as I love, with all your heart and soul, and mind, and strength, you would not allow the wicked to prevail. When I kiss the lock of hair that is hanging to my chain, I ask myself, Am I never to have an end to this hope deferred, which maketh the heart sick? When Conrad loved Medora, he did not treat her so. Oh, I wish I was in my cold, cold grave, like poor Loraine, I do, I do, I do; she died of love, and so shall I—I shall, I know I shall.”

It was all Greek to poor Grantley, though he felt for the little wretch in her ridiculous misery. If misery, alas! could be ridiculous, Patty made it so then. He tried his best to comfort her, but she only seemed more furious, and at last shook with passion, saying the only way to punish a false lover was to “wring his bosom, and to die.”

She did not wring his bosom, nor did she die; but she completely mystified and dazed him. We love after our kind, and he concluded some ape of a fellow had deceived the little chimpanzee.

When Vivian returned, I was with daft

Sandy in the garden, and, like Greta, cutting off dead roses; dull Dorcas told me that he looked "that furus" he gave her a turn; "he then sent for Susan."

Susan used to boast to the cook that she could "brave everything out" with Mr. Grantley, but to-day that mortal trembled before the form of Jove!

"Susan, what is it you have dared say to Miss Jocelyn?"

"Nothink in the world, Mr. Grantley."

"Come, come, if you do not tell me, Miss Dacre must send you away; you are a very naughty, saucy girl."

The poor little soul now saw that he was terribly in earnest, for he had what Patty called the dark look of the "jar" in his "orbs."

"I tells her, Mr. Grantley, as she wern't to come none o' her 'methodying' over me; that I were as good as she any day, and my mother a sight better nor her'n, and as you said yourself, 'She were a bird from a bad nest anyhow, and that her very name is a lie.'"

Jove thundered forth :


“How dared you speak so to Miss Jocelyn ?”

“Miss Jocelyn, indeed ! Greta’s no more Miss Jocelyn than I or Dorcas be. She is no lady born, and you knows it too ; that is why you always cuts away ; when Miss Bab and Miss Blantyre stands in the next ’ouse back window they sees your pride, for old Bab calls out :

“ ‘Izzbull, here’s Greta ; for Vi has just cut through the garden-door with his coat-tails flying ;—how proud that fellow is !’ Then Miss Isabelle, how she do draw up, and lace in, to be sure ! She’ll say, ‘Quite right, Bebbora, a Vivian of Castle Vivian should mate with his peers.’ That’s Miss Isabelle’s fine talk ; but I suppose it means, Mr. Grantley, that when your time comes, you be to draw one of yer own lot ; but she loves you, iss indeed.”

He started.

“Who ? Gre—.” He was an artilleryman, and she a sharpshooter ; but sharpshooter as she was she was on the wrong



scent, and did not smell the rat; he had stopped in time.

“Who, Mr. Grantley? Why, Isabelle, to be sure. And Miss Bab says, ‘there’s no fool like an old one,’—cep ’tis Miss Patty, and she’s a young ’un; but Bab thinks them both fools for loving you; very rude, ain’t it? iss indeed.”

“Well, Susan, if you keep steady, and don’t go chatting round the corner, nor be for ever running after the militia band, I’ll give you a good solid silver watch before I go away.”

“Thank you, Mr. Grantley, but I’d sooner have a chitterling, such as Mrs. Fibber said you bought for Miss Patty.”

What could the little imp mean? A chitterling! he only knew the word in connection with a dead pig; why should he make a meat-offering to Patty, whose “Par” was famous for his beasts, and had pigs of his own?

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It was a handsome face the wasp had stung. A young man’s brow her fingers soothed, and yet she treated it just as if it were a case of one of the batch of old incurables dismissed from the infirmary that morning. He did not see his own short-

comings towards her. He was so inconsistent, he would have nothing to say to this woman, and yet was up to "peppery point" because he made no impression upon her.

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could help, and thus got into a lazy, lounging way of sitting in the easy-chair before the fireplace; so that when our two neighbours, who were often in and out, used to come into the room, he did but put his hand out over the back of his chair to receive them. He used to say he "knew the soft hand of the soldier's daughter without seeing who entered the room."

The truth was, that Miss Blantyre wore glossy kid, old Bab scruffy cotton gloves. Bab's step was like

"The sound of a coming foe ;"

while, as to Isabelle,—

"Old Guy's carpet raised its head
Elastic from her fairy tread."

So was he sitting on the
after his return from Pembroke.

"Julia," he said, "I
nothing. Even now, I think I
cut my throat, or drown
down like the devil took
Marion Lisle."

I rose, and at the door

summons might arrive from Lansfeldt, she wished to get back to her mother, and as Vivian never did walk home with her, she did not expect him to do so now. As she bid him good night, alluding to the wasp, she said,

“Best never fight off these venomous little reptiles, Mr. Vivian; they are sure to get the better of you and sting you at last.”

He was fighting off what he too called “a venomous little reptile;” would she get the better of him, and sting him at last?

Greta took the round by the river, and there she met poor Patty; she came up to her, saying,

“It is late to be out by yourself, Patty, should you not go home?”

“Oh, he *will* be here to-night. He will, I know he will. Circumstances he could not control have kept him from me till now; read this, Greta.”

She read. On the cover was:

“To the dark-eyed girl of Cadiz.”

“Didst thou think thy Juan could forget

of your great abilities. Oh, there is blue in your life's sky yet; and with a fond and happy wife you will forget Marion Lisle. You are rich, and ought to reside on your estates; gifted, and might be a leading statesman; and, oh remember the God who gave you all, your talents should not be wrapped up in a napkin, they ought to be set forth to His glory. Your health and wealth should be used in forwarding the welfare of His creatures. You have a kind heart, Mr. Vivian, or Julia would not love you so. You have no need to be reminded that the poor we have with us alway, and 'he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.' "

He did not face her, for there was no need, but he looked hard into the mirror, and read her through and through; as all unmindful of everything but her mission. She went on. He had called her a coquette, yet here she sat, preaching and teaching as though he were the slowest old buffer in life, instead of the pride of Ramsay's battery, the pet of fair women, the envied of brave men. Who, till now, had dared so to tackle him?

“ And excuse me, Mr. Vivian, it is heartless in the extreme to play with a girl’s affections by such expressions of attachment as you are making to Patty Pertun. I do not often meet her, but she is very unhappy, and seems as if she must talk to me. I cannot refuse to guide and sympathize with her, for I know if we had had Julia here, Loraine would not have died; and as I am so much here with you both at Grove Cottage, poor Patty thinks that as I am Miss Dacre’s friend, I may have some influence over you. If you mean anything to her, Mr. Vivian, write to her at once, not long farragos of paltry trash to turn her brain, but an honest offer of your hand and heart; don’t dangle after her any more, for her to feel all the more your loss when you are gone; you should not be making love to her ——”

“ Making love, Miss Jocelyn, what can you mean? I make love to a Chimpanzee! I squeeze my hand in a monkey’s claw! ”

“ All the more shame for you, then, when she loves you as her life! ”

Vivian looked fiercely into the fireplace,

and then to the mirror—there she sat with her earnest face appealing to him—her plaintive voice reproving him. He was piqued, for he saw that she felt quite as much at home with him, as she would have done with fat Father Ritus, or thin Vesper Prime, each, over sixty—both, painfully plain.

He was angry with her all the more, for he felt, “confound it,” that though the man might hate the woman, the artist loved the Beautiful. However he replied.

“Miss Jocelyn, far be it from me, as school-boys say, ‘to kiss and tell,’ but you are speaking in parables about my love for Patty Pertun. You can’t help tumbling over the stones that are set in your pathway—now, can you? If I go down to Miss Dacre’s embankment to see after the men, Patty is there; she knows I never go to ‘All Bells,’ and so never walks that way; but whenever I come out of the ‘Jolly Dogs,’ where I am, as you know, now lodging, she is on the doorstep. If I take my meerschaum down Ivy Lane, she is always on before; if I go

down Willow Walk she comes trotting after ; worse than that, she took to sketching from nature the very day I began laying out the gardens at the Heron Height ; what can a poor man do ? Late, last night, at the Swan Lake ——”

Here a look of such cruel anguish came over her, he left the forbidden ground. She said,—

“Forgive me, I thought I ought to speak ; but you are a young man, Mr. Vivian, oh, never say those bitter words, that you are going to the bad.”

There was the well-known sound of old Bab’s tramp, and Vivian rose to meet her. She smiled.

“Shall I finish your sermon for you, Greta ? You are a tall man, Mr. Vivian, don’t knock your head against the beam ; you are handsome, Mr. Vivian, don’t be a naughty boy.”

Greta with her provoking calm said quietly,—

“I know you will forgive ? ”

“What, for warning me against a Chim-

panzee? Certainly, Miss Jocelyn," he replied savagely.

She, as provoking as ever, went on,—

"For Julia's sake we will be friends, for we both love *her*." She got up and put her hand in his. He left them.

"Colder than ice, the touch he gave,
Yet felt the while that woman's slave."

That night I remember his saying to me,—

"Julia, that confounded girl wants to come the 'Dinah' in 'Adam Bede' over me, as if I was a carying old 'Methody' like 'Lisbeth, in a black silk bonnet, trying to steady me—faugh, I marry!—the devil."

"No, don't marry the devil; resist her, and don't abuse her; and, as Susan would say, don't keep for everlasting a-droning of her."

"Mere studies, Julia, who else can I draw? I have no black in my colour-box black enough for Miss Issabelle's bandoline—no yellow ochre for Patty's poodle curls, and as to poor Tierça, sepia could not conceal her dustiness—even Rosa Bonheur

would turn away disheartened at what a hunter would call her greasy heels."

But to return to the girls he left behind him, old and young.

"Mr. Vivian is a strange, strange man, Miss Bab. I hope I did not offend him, but I'm afraid he is sadly misleading Patty, writing to her as he does."

"Well, I must say you are an angel, Greta, for there is no insult that these Pertuns have not piled upon you."

"We must forgive, my dear Miss Bab."

"Well, I suppose we must, my dear, being Christians, though I must say it is the very hardest thing we Christians find to do."

"I can't keep away from Julia, you see; my dear Miss Bab, excepting yourself, who have I to speak to? The Pertuns, Primes, Fitz-Flashes, and the rest often pass me by when papa is not with me, and you know how they turn from poor mamma; and when I am at Lansfeldt, though Miss Jocelyn and the dear old lord are so good, I feel the sorrowful eyesore I must be to them when they think of the blight of papa's whole life that

my poor mother brought. I know it is in Miss Blantyre to be as kind as you are, but as she says, 'It is not so much matter who old people know.' "

"Why, Greta, Izzbull is a year and a day—Well, never mind, child, and as Vi is gone, excuse me turning up my tail—the sun scorches as much as the fire burns; in fact this sultry weather I'd as lief go about with my old rip, only Miss Daggie gave us the silks as mourning for Guy—this was eight shillings a yard, three quarter width, and such a beauty, jet black, and soft levantine. Izzbull chose glacé, being, she said, a 'younger' silk, only six shillings. What folly, while mine is everlasting wear, as good as my old rip. Why, will you believe it, Greta, I went with my old rip to the Anti-Corn Law League Bazaar ten years ago."

"Never, surely, Miss Bab? but this is a beautiful silk." And Miss Bab turned up her silk attire, and the two talked on. She was happy, for the petticoat would not scorch.

"Tell me truly, Miss Bab, do you think

my coming here drives Mr. Vivian away?
if so ——”

“Well, Greta, child, and isn’t it *his* place to turn out of the house, if it is too hot to hold him? not yours; and a thunderstorm coming. Why the pair that tell the weather have better manners than that, man being out in foul, woman in fair: *you* can’t go to the ‘Jolly Dogs,’ and *he* can.”

“Then I won’t come, if it is to drive him to the ‘Jolly Dogs;’ I think it must be poor mamma, and he is very proud.”

“Then let the peacock strut. I never was at any man’s mercy, and don’t you be, Greta. But mind, I like Vi; Julia speaks of him in the highest terms; it seems he had a disappointment in India—it well nigh drove him mad; I am afraid he went a bit wild, and was going to the bad—that vile Vi——”

“Oh, God forbid!” the girl exclaimed.
“God forbid that Mr. Vivian should be going to the bad.”

“God forbid he should, Miss Jocelyn, so you see he has come back to you,” cried

Grantley, who had rushed in from the storm. But when the rain was over, and the ladies rose to go, he gave his arm to Miss Bab, and let the girl walk alone to the Honour.

The young folks were a perfect puzzle to me. I could not say with the happy tenor, when he tumbled from the coachtop,—

“Thank God my G’s are right.”

For my two G’s, Grantley and Greta, were all wrong. He seemed to shun her presence as though a deadly pest clung to her ; while she, dear soul, so clung to me that I could not avoid their meeting. It seemed to me inexplicable that he, so kind-hearted a man, did not feel more for the desolate girl. The more so, as she seemed to take her place beside him as an elder sister might, alternately exhorting and entreating, or what he called “coming the Methody” over him ; however there was no flirtation between them, and I thought him very foolish in being so much with Patty. I thought much better of him than poor Greta, who always seemed to have something she wished to say about them and would not. One day I

remonstrated with him, and he in jest replied,—

“Tell this godly little Dinah, that *this* Hetty is in no danger from me. Never fear, though she runs after me just as the hounds follow the huntsman with aniseed on his boots.”

I knew what Grantley said was true, and I had to blush for one who could not blush for herself.

Alas for Greta! Sad was the crushing weight of sorrow upon her young life. The shadow, too, of sin was there; and she, the chief offender who had cast it, was her own mother. “Honour thy father and mother,” &c., and this is the first commandment with promise. Is it at times so difficult thus to do, that this, of all others, needs the promise: “That thy days may be long in the land?” It was a compassion dashed with bitterness; a pleading tenderness she felt for her mother. Vivian described it best when he sketched her as the Peri asking pardon—not for herself, but for another.

She was devoted to Colonel Jocelyn, and

used to say, Irish fashion : “He loves me best of all his children.” Kind to her as they were at Lansfeldt, the cowering girl felt that she had no place there, bearing their very name to which she had no right. We could not blame respectable and careful mothers for shunning the Honour; and though now for many years the marriage had been solemnized, and she must one day be Lady Lansfeldt, the Colonel made no effort to force his wife upon the county, nor even upon Ravendale. When her sister was alive, the high birth of her father had made way for the girls where the mother could not go, and they visited a good deal at Lansfeldt, and there they met the two young men who had so influenced their destiny. Then came sin’s “terrible wages :” the death of the only legitimate sons, and the suicide of Loraine.

CHAPTER XIII.

GRETA, however, was so rich in youth and health, that physically she had not succumbed; and she had still so much light-hearted merriment left, that Vivian, always suspicious, did not believe in her genuineness; nor that such gushing gladness could co-exist with the cast down, foreboding, sensitive nature that made her sham life such a cruel torture to her also. The great fault this had led to, was a sort of gentle jealousy, which might have been latent in a life of prosperity, but which often peeped out, as cruel women turned from, coarse men presumed upon her, and would sneer at "Jocelyn's daughter," who was but the colour-sergeant's child. She was a lily of purity, yet was shunned as the deadly night-

shade. Alas, poor Greta! It was not on the guilty the Tower of Siloam fell! Colonel Jocelyn saw little or nothing of this. Patty was but an epitome of all the world. The Hon. Colonel Jocelyn was Master of the Hounds, Colonel of Militia, Lord Lieutenant of the County, first and foremost in every public meeting, social or scientific, agricultural and archæological, could "introduce Par's daughter at the County Balls, Par's beasts at the Cattle Show." Moreover he was Lord Lansfeldt's son, and might in days to come awkwardly remember any slight at Ravendale.

The sad close to her first fond love for De Grey had left a heavy cloud upon her, through his weakness in yielding to the dying wish of his selfish mother. Still there was a bright and happy comfort in his brave and dauntless death. Through long long months she was near to trace his downward course. With sad forebodings of evil, she read his start for the Crimea. She read of the court-martial, and her cup was full. But there was a God above her; her girl's idol

